THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

FEBRUARY 1963/50¢

Wrestling REVUE

UNFORGETTABLE TAG TEAM
THE GRAHAM BROS.

Features:

WHIPPER WATSON

GENE KINISKI

BUDDY ROGERS

VERNE GAGNE

DORY DIXON

RED McKIM

MIKE CLANCY

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WILD WOMEN

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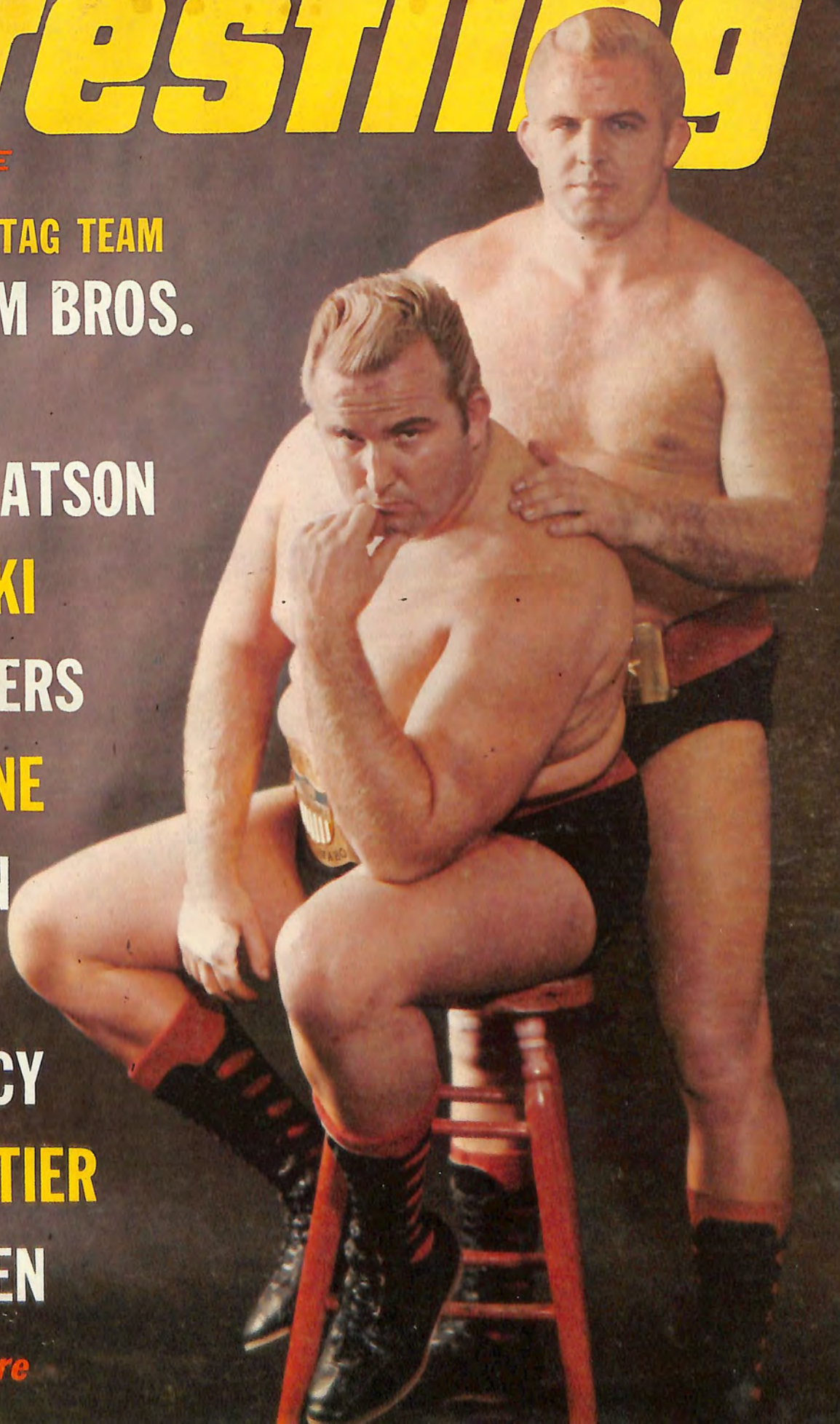

READERS' pros and cons

THE DESTROYER

Sirs:

Here in Southern California we have a wrestler who calls himself "The Destroyer." He holds a victory over Fred Blassie. How about a story and a clue to the identity of this fabulous new star?

JOHN E. WARNER
Santa Barbara, Calif.

THE MONGOL

Sirs:

I am still waiting for WRESTLING REVUE to publish a story on the greatest wrestler in the world today: The Mongol. How great is The Mongol? From what I've seen, he's unbeatable! And colorful? Well, no one comes even close. He wears a ponco into the ring made from a bear he killed with his bare hands. And another thing, I saw him rip an inflated basketball to shreds with his hands. Try that sometime if you think it's easy. There is a standing offer around here of $5,000 for anybody who can beat this tremendous man. Golly, how we'd like to see Buddy Rogers try to win that five grand.

MASON BUCK
Ames, Iowa

LOU THESZ

MOST MATCHES

Sirs:

Of all the active wrestlers, I believe that former world champion Lou Thesz has engaged in the most bouts. Lou began his career in 1935 and until 1958 he maintained a full schedule, wrestling about four or five nights a week. I estimate that he has engaged in about 6,000 matches, losing no more than about two dozen. Only Bert Assiratti of England can claim a bettter winning percentage.

HOWARD P. SIEGEL
New York, N. Y.

MASKS AND MORE MASKS

UNDER THE MASKS

Sirs:

I have for years been making a careful study of masked wrestlers. Most of all, I was interested in learning the identity of those men who try so hard to keep their real names secret. In the hopes that what I have uncovered might prove of interest to WRESTLING REVUE readers, I submit the following information:

The original Mr. M was Big Bill Miller. There were two others who also wrestled under the name Mr. M: Hard Boiled Haggerty and Waldo Von Eric. The Masked Assassins are Joe Hamilton and Jim Burke. Professor X was really big Hans Hermann, while Roger Mackay was Masked Yankee No. 1.

Fred Blassie and Larry Blaine once wrestled as The Masked Marvels. Dr. Jerry Graham and Donn Lewin teamed up as The Internes. Frankie Talaber and Leon Graham also wrestled as The Internes.

Art Neilson began his career as "The Phantom of the South." Art also used the name "The Masked Destroyer." Killer Joe Christy was once Mr. X.

"The Black Shadow" was Buck Lipscombe. "The Bat" is Joe Tomasso. Jim Mitchell was "The Black Panther." Al Lovelock is the original "Great Bolo." Of course everybody knows that George Bollas is "The Zebra Kid."

Bill Savage was "The Masked Executioner," and Dory Funk was superb as 'The Outlaw." And then there was "Mr. Black Magic," who tried so hard to keep his identity secret. He turned out to be Don Kindred.

This is only a small part of my list of masked wrestlers. I have the names of over a hundred on file.

RUDY HOFFMAN
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I have discovered the identity of The Bat.

In the Oct/60 WRESTLING REVUE I noticed a picture of Donn Lewin slugging a squat, husky guy named Joe Tomasso. Somehow, that picture stuck in my mind. Then, after reading your fine story on The Bat (Aug/62) something made me refer back to that Lewin-Tomasso picture. Sure enough, there were certain things about Tomasso and The Bat that were identical: general body size and structure; the mustache, and the payoff — the identical picture of a bat worn on the upper part of their shoes.

TONY FELIX
Tolleson, Ariz.

PAUL DIAMOND

Sirs:

After watching several revolting matches between newcomer Paul Diamond against such experienced savages as Killer Kowalski, Hans Schmidt and Johnny Barend, I am prompted to ask why those behind the scenes are apparently so anxious to ruin a fine, young prospect?

This boy Diamond has the makings of a future champion, if they would only give him the chance to gain experience. But if they continue to match him with the kind of opponents they have been thrown him in with, it will be the same old story: a potential star of the future slugged into oblivion. It's a shame.

BILL LIPPINCOTT
Glen Rock, N.J.

YOU FORGOT THE CHAMP!

Sirs:

We all know that WRESTLING REVUE is the finest magazine in the world, but one thing is wrong. You have never had Buddy Rogers, the champion, in your magnificent full-color pin-up series. How about it? It's long overdue.

ALAN C. HOOPS
Irvington, N.J.

THE MUMMY

SHOCKED

Sirs:

I was shocked by your story about The Mummy (Oct/62). I cannot understand how officials permit this beast to do the things he does in the ring. Of course if it's cold-blooded murder the officials want, they have in The Mummy just the executioner they need to do the job.

GORDON LaRONDE
Toronto, Can.

(*continued on page 6*)

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THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

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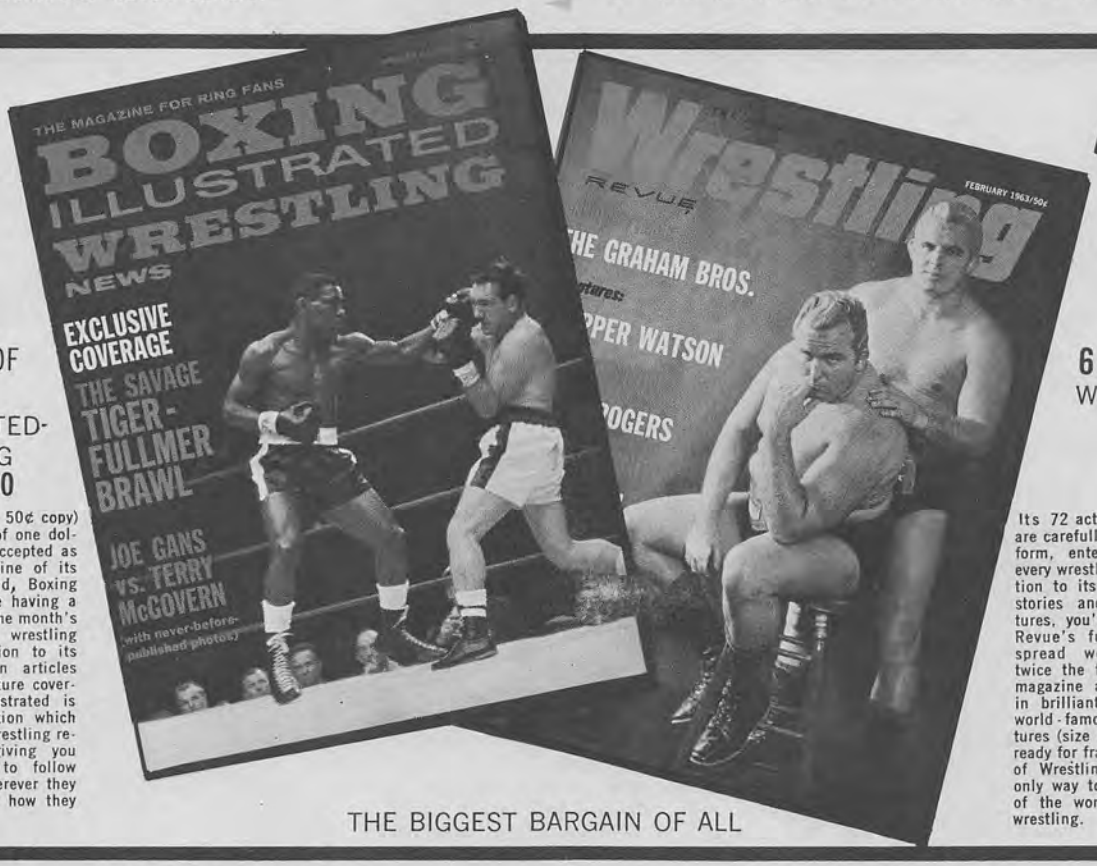

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READERS' pros and cons

(*continued from page* 2)

MISS PRESIDENT

Sirs:

As president of the Fran Gravette International Fan Club I wish to thank you for the wonderful story you published about Fran in the October 1962 issue of WRESTLING REVUE. Everything you said about her is the absolute truth. She is a living doll. I would also like to add that both WRESTLING REVUE and BOXING ILLUSTRATED are without question the two finest magazines in the world today. Thanks for giving my friends and I so many hours of enjoyment through the years.

VI REUTHER
Yonkers, N. Y.

UNMASKED!

Sirs:

It finally happened! Mr. M has been unmasked. Who did it? Why the only man in the world who could do it. Verne Gagne. Mr. M turned out to be Big Bill Miller. May I add that *your* champion, Buddy Rogers, is doing a wonderful job of running away from *our* champion, Mr. Gagne.

RON HENNES
St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN PAUL HENNING

PRAISE

Sirs:

I am writing to praise you for your brilliant article on John Paul Henning (Oct/62). Henning is certainly one of the world's best wrestlers and the recognition given him by WRESTLING REVUE was long overdue. But I suggest you go still further in this very special case. How about giving John Paul WRESTLING REVUE's full treatment as only WR can do it: the full color pin-up. How we Henning fans would love that.

RALPH BARRALE
St. Ann, Missouri

MOOLAH (LEFT) AND FOE

MEN VS. WOMEN

Sirs:

I agree with Miss Moolah's suggestion that women wrestlers should be allowed to pit their skill against male stars. Contrary to reader Karen Ranem's views (Oct/62) that the idea is a new one. I know that women wrestlers have engaged male wrestlers in the past, and WON! For example: French female star Mademoiselle de Rovera defeated former world heavyweight champion Henri DeGlane in Paris about nine years ago. According to my information, de Rovera pinned DeGlane with a body press.

In my opinion such women wrestlers as Moolah, June Byers and Kathy Starr could defeat some of our top-rated male wrestlers. Remember that wrestling is a matter of speed and agility as well as strength and stamina. And when it comes to speed and agility, the women have it all over the men.

BEN HICKEY
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

Miss Moolah stated that male wrestlers are not allowed to oppose female wrestlers anywhere in the U.S. This is not so. Here in Omaha, midget girls wrestle against midget men in tag team matches.

JOHN HOFFMAN
Omaha, Nebraska

OPPOSITES

Sirs:

You say Wilbur Snyder and Bruiser have teamed-up. What a laugh. They are direct opposites! Bruiser is a savage who uses every foul trick known to man on his victoms. Snyder, on the other hand, is the sincere, scientific, type. Why he even won first place in WR's Popularity Poll.

You wait and see—this team will never last. Sooner or later they'll be clawing at each other's throats. Which is exactly the way it should be.

K.R.R.
Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW FACES

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE does a wonderful job. Of that there is no question. But you rarely devote any space to young men on the way up. This is a mistake, ignoring the champions of tomorrow. For example: The Bavarian Boys, Woody Strode (who did such a magnificent job as the slave warrior in the movie "Spartacus"), and those wild devils Mephisto and Dante. Fellows like these deserve your help, and your readers will thank you all the more.

DICK BORG
Alpha, Ill.

ALL BAD GUYS

Sirs:

Why must all German wrestlers be monsters? I'm fed up with the whole thing. So far, I've watched 17 Germans in action and I've yet to see one heroic-type. It's disgraceful!

Can't WR help get some nice German boy started on a mat career who will give us Germans something to cheer about for a change?

WAYNE WINTER
Portland, Ore.

DEAN HIGUCHI

STRONGER THAN BRUNO?

Sirs:

Your article on Bruno Sammartino (Aug/62) stated that he can press 410 lbs. Well, up here in the Pacific Northwest we have a man who can press 480 lbs. His name is Dean Higuchi.

DICK SMITH
Portland, Oregon

RATE THOSE KENTUCKIANS!

Sirs,

Down here in Florida we've got a red-hot, undefeated tag team called The Kentuckians. They're giants. Luke Brown is 6' 9" tall and weighs 356 lbs. His partner Jake Smith is 7' tall, tips the scales at 352. We think they deserve national ranking.

MARK BUNIN
Miami Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

The Kentuckians are a great tag team. In fact they were good enough to knock over the tough Von Brauners not once, but twice! That, you must admit, is quite a feat in itself. I feel sure that if you ever do a story on these two giants it will prove to be one of WRESTLING REVUE's finest.

LANNY GITTELSON
Coral Gables, Fla.

BILL MELBY

WE ALREADY DID IT!

Sirs:

I have been reading WRESTLING REVUE for quite some time and I have yet to see an article on the great Bill Melby. I have met this wonderful athlete several times and have found him to be very pleasant and cooperative. I think the whole world should know about Bill Melby, so let's have a feature story about this exceptional young man real soon.

VIOLA WINKLE
San Leandro, Calif.

• Reader Winkle should see the Fall/61 issue, which contained a beautifully illustrated, feature-length story on Melby.—ED.

THANKS, JOHN

Sirs:

With all those gripes about your ratings bombarding you month after month, I suggest that you change the name of your letters page from "Readers' Pros and Cons" to "Readers' Gripes."

JOHN R. FULTON
Indianapolis, Ind.

LORD LAYTON

IN OUR HOUSE

Sirs:

Lord Layton is a big hero in our house because he is a glowing inspiration to our four sons. Layton has proved that a top wrestler need not be a brute and a bully to achieve success. Our family, all seven of us, look forward with great anticipation to a feature length story about Layton in a future issue of WRESTLING REVUE. I'm sure that thousands of other people, who feel as we do, will be thrilled to see one of your fabulous articles — and pictures — about our favorite athlete.

JANE MARTIN
Birmingham, Mich.

• A story on Layton appeared in the Dec/62 issue.—ED.

REVOLT!

Sirs:

Wrestling fans, it's time to revolt!

Every week we see a couple of stumblebums mauling each other in what is called "The Fight of the Week." It is nationally televised and this boring show has been running for years. Yet wrestling does not have a single bout that is televised coast to coast. Why? Why can't we have something called "The Match of the Week?"

Wrestling rates network exposure because it has the audience that will loyally support it for as long as it is kept on the air.

I say that wrestling has played second fiddle to the glove boys long enough.

BILL MC TIGHE
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

THE ALASKAN

TEXAS VS. ALASKA

Sirs:

Why do you waste valuable space publishing articles on guys like The Alaskan (Dec/62)? I have seen this man wrestle several times and I venture to say that he won't know a legitimate hold if he saw one. All he can do is brag and wear his illegal boots into the ring.

Some people say that Texans are the world's biggest braggarts. But if this guy is an example of folks in Alaska, than Alaska has Texas beat by a mile —as far as braggarts go.

J. M. SEITZ
Beaumont, Texas

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on a vital matter, then asks its help to prove his case

Gagne states his case

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON when the phone rang in our New York office. The receptionist answered.

"Wrestling Revue."

"Stanley Weston, please."

"Who's calling, sir?"

"Verne Gagne."

"One moment, sir, I'll connect you with Mr. Weston."

"Hello, Stan, how are you?"

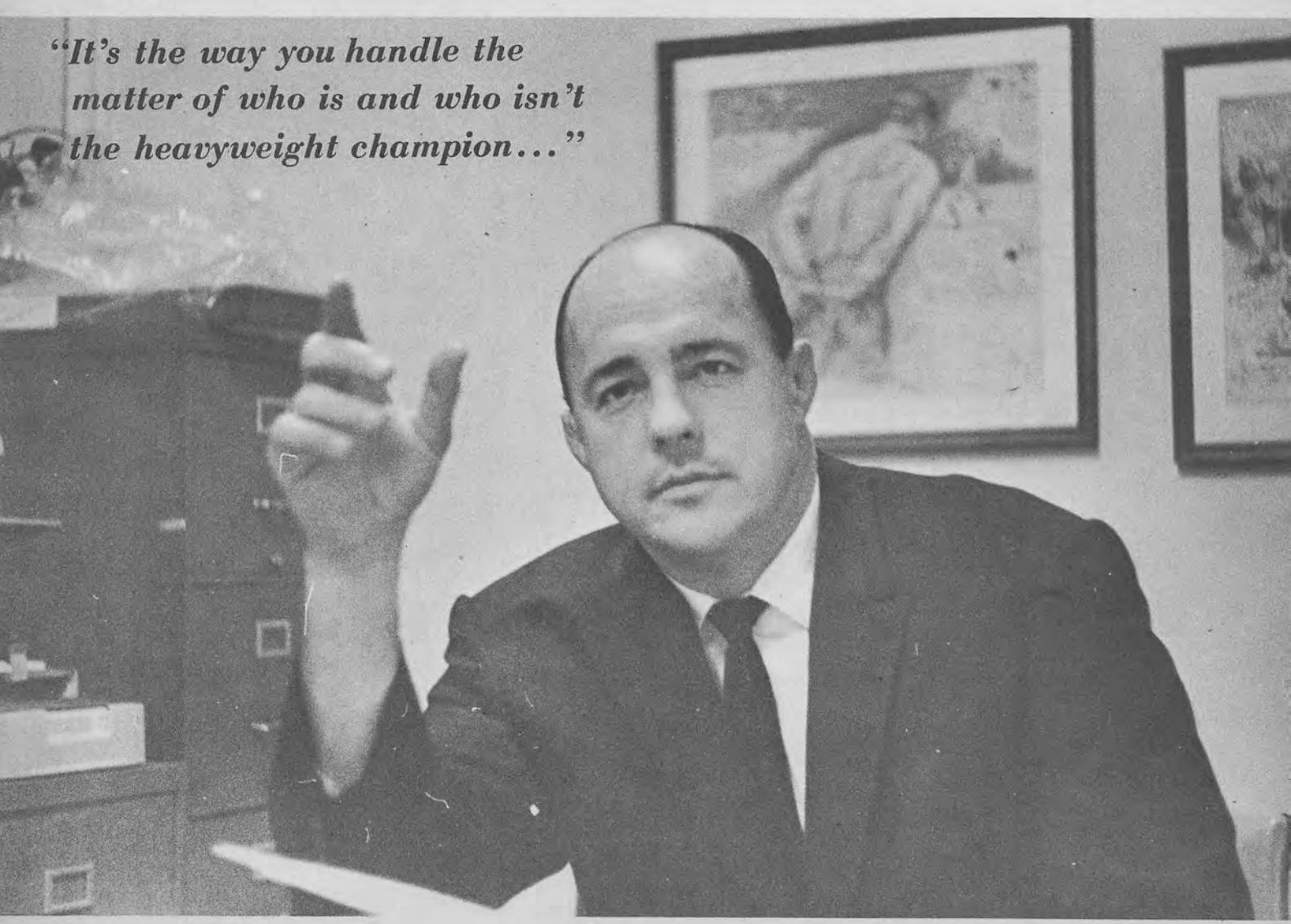
"Fine, Verne. Good to hear your voice. It's been a long time."

"It sure has. About two years."

"Yes. But what are you doing here in New York? You're a long way from home."

"Not so far with these jet planes. I'm wrestling in Boston tonight and I made a stop over in New York because I wanted to talk to you about something. Are you free? I'm about five minutes away from your office. I can jump in a cab and be over right away."

"Good. I'll be waiting for you."



"Why do you continue to boost Rogers into a position he doesn't deserve?"

"In my opinion, the (real) champion is the man who is the best wrestler."

THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN. A short while later, Gagne, who is without question one of the world's finest wrestlers, was sitting in my office looking grimly across my desk.

"You have two great magazines in WRESTLING REVUE and BOXING ILLUSTRATED, Stan, but once in a while you get off the track and in the process you hurt people who don't deserve to be hurt."

I told Verne that we have never intentionally hurt anybody since our first magazine was published back in 1958, and that we never will. Then I asked him to explain exactly what he was referring to. Verne leaned forward in his seat, an angry expression clouding his handsome face.

"It's the way you handle the matter of who is and who isn't the world heavyweight champion. For the last year or so you people have been calling Buddy Rogers champion. I disagree. Rogers is *not* the champion, and if you don't believe me, just ask anybody in California, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota and a lot of other states as well."

Gagne bit his lip, as if restraining himself from exploding. I cut in to ease the tension.

"I understand all that, Verne. And I know that if I did what you ask, most of the people in those states would answer: Verne Gagne, Ray Stevens, Fritz Von Erich and possibly Gene Kiniski. And I'd venture to say that ninety percent of them would answer Verne Gagne."

"Well," he asked angrily, "if you know that, why do you continue to boost Rogers into a position he doesn't deserve?"

"That's not hard to answer," I said, "because in order to bring even a small amount of order to this very confused situation we established the only working formula possible. We decided to go along with the man who is recognized in the most states. It seemed the only fair thing to do. That man, even as you will admit, is Rogers."

"I don't admit anything of the kind," Gagne protested. "In my opinion, the champion is the best wrestler. A champion is a champion because of his ability. And with all respects to you, Stan, and to your fine magazines, I know that I am in a

"Excuse me, but I have to call Minneapolis to find out my bookings for next week."

much better position to decide who the best wrestler is because I am a wrestler and you are not."

"I've got to admit that what you say makes sense," I said, "I also admit that I can't even argue the point."

Gagne, evidently pleased by the way he drove home his point, seemed pleased for the first time. I told him, however, that he couldn't exactly be considered a neutral in the situation, since he was one of the strongest claimants for the title.

"If you were just a good wrestler who didn't figure in the championship picture," I said, "then what you say would carry more weight. You must remember, Verne, that there are two sides to every story."

"I'm not forgetting," he shot back. "I know that I am the rightful heavyweight champion of the world. What's more, I'm willing to prove it the only place where it can be proved: In the ring!"

Gagne followed up by saying that he extends an official challenge to any man in the world who disputes his claim and mentioned specifically Ray Stevens, Fritz Von Erich, Fred Blassie, Gene Kiniski and Buddy Rogers. He further asked the help of WRESTLING REVUE to help persuade any or all of the aforesaid wrestlers into accepting his challenge.

Gagne got to his feet, smiled and stuck out his hand. "Not only will I thank you for getting these characters into the ring with me, Stan, I'll even give you my chanmpionship belt as a gift."

"That's a deal," I said, offering my hand. "It'll look real nice on my wall." ●

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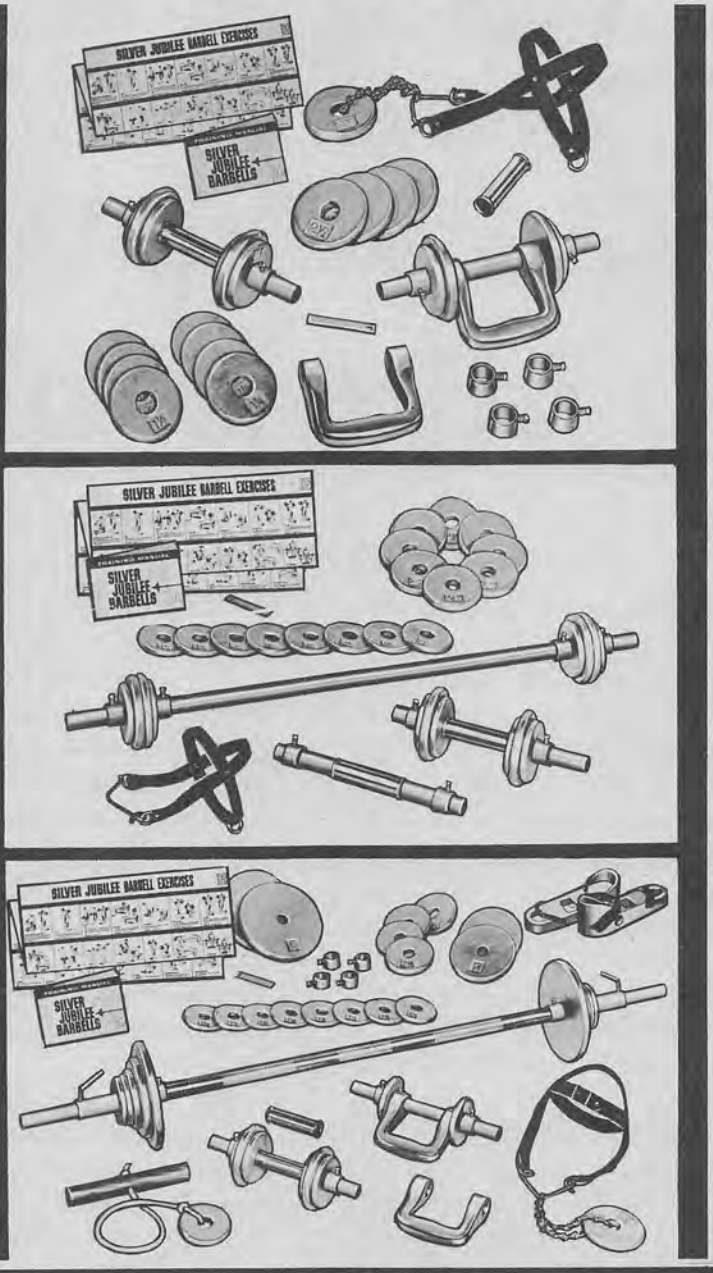

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It was a very ambitious goal young Jimmy James set for himself long ago. We think he succeeded—so does Jim Londos.

BY MICHAEL GLICK

The Kid Who Wanted To Be Like Londos

"AWW-RRIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . . step up closer . . . I wantcha ta meet the 'Mighty Claw,' the world's most fee-roh-shus wrestler . . . a behemoth who eats raw meat for breakfast and tears his victims to shreds . . ."

A chunky high school lad wormed his way closer to the carnival barker's soapbox and looked up in awe at the Mighty Claw. Except for a twitching nose, the Claw wore an impassive mask as he stood with arms crossed over his massive chest.

"Is there anybody among you man enough to take on this phee-nomenal physical specimen?" the barker growled. Nobody stirred. "I have 10 crisp one dollar bills here," he went on, "for any man who can stay just two minutes with the Claw . . ."

One rube turned to his pal. "That feller's crazy," he whispered. "Times are tough, but I wouldn't go near that gorilla for a thousand of them bills."

The barker looked disappointed. "What," he asked plaintively, "has happened to our great pioneer spirit?" He felt a tug at his trousers. It was that high school kid.

The spieler ignored him. Spying a strapping farmer, he shot out a finger. "How about you, mister? Wouldn't you like to make ten easy dollars?" The farmer shook his head. No!

The barker felt another tug at his trousers. "Whaddeya want, sonny?" he growled.

"I'll wrestle him," the kid said eagerly.

The barker's shrewd eyes sized up the youngster. He looked pretty solid. The Claw could pretend to mix it up the kid and give the rubes a show for their money. Why not . . .? "O.K., kid, you're on," he said gruffly.

The Claw didn't have to pretend with young Jimmy James. Matter of fact, he tried everything in an effort to stop the kid. But the scrappy, hard-muscled youngster, who had started amateur wrestling at the age of 13, had too much ring savvy for the crude giant.

Jimmy floored him with a crunching drop-kick that he used later with devastating effect in his climb up the pro wrestling ladder. Clutching his 10 greenbacks, Jimmy grinned. That barker didn't know it, but Jimmy would have tackled the Claw for nothing!

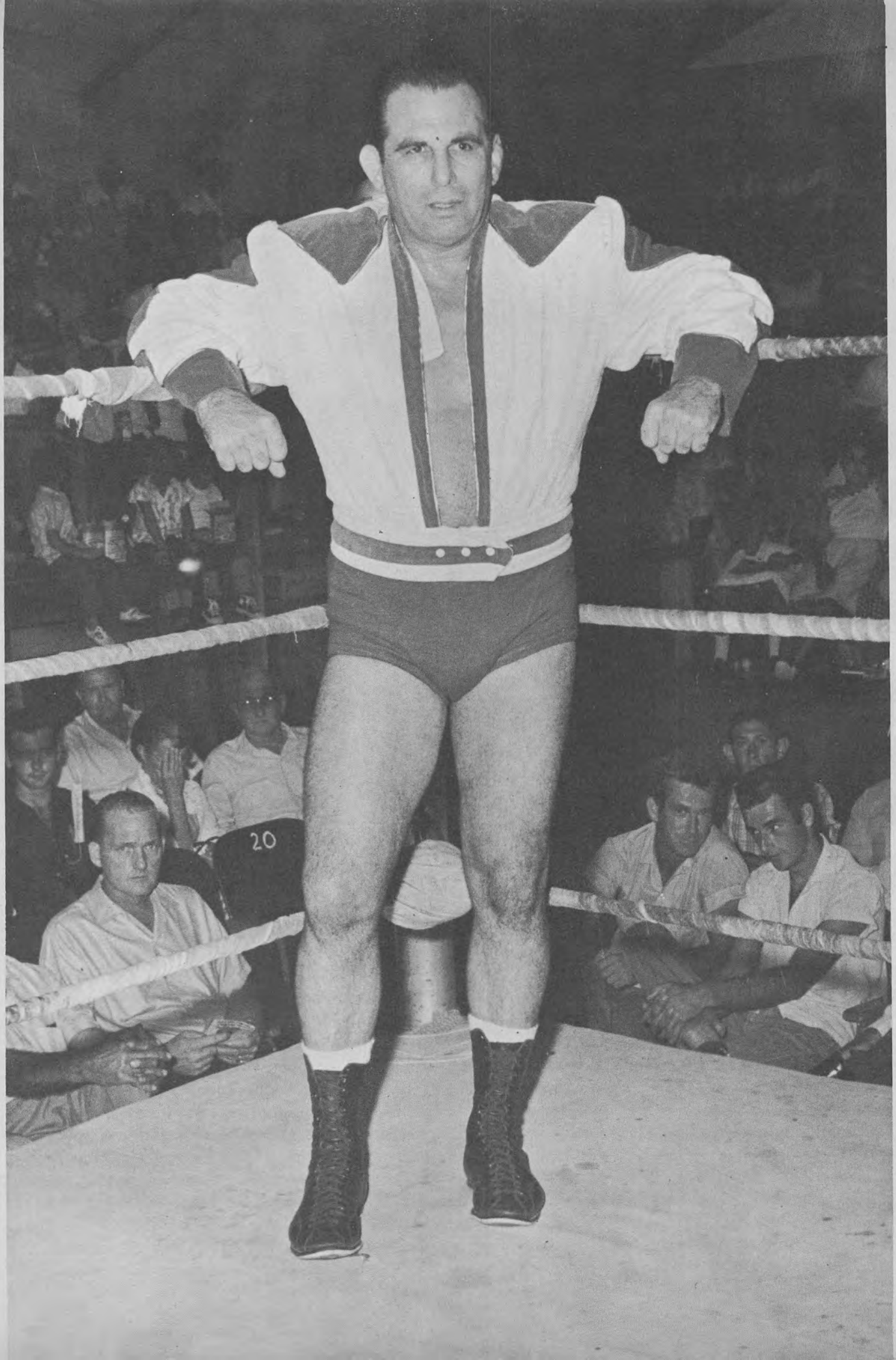
The man who inspired Jimmy was the great Jim Londos. "I actually idolized the guy," he says. "All I could think of was that someday I might be like Londos . . ."

Jimmy almost killed himself trying. "When I was 15," he recalls, "I looked forward eagerly to the times when Londos came to town."

Since he didn't have any money for a ticket, Jim sneaked into the arena by climbing a brick wall and slipping in through a top window. The bricks protruded just enough to give him a precarious foothold.

Once, he nearly slipped. "It scares me now when I think of what could have happened," he shudders. "But I liked wrestling so much, I would have taken any risks."

Jim kept sticking his neck out as he learned wrestling's finer points at his local YMCA. Then, as Jesse James, he broke into the pro ranks as a light heavyweight. Graduating into the heavyweight ranks, he grappled his way across the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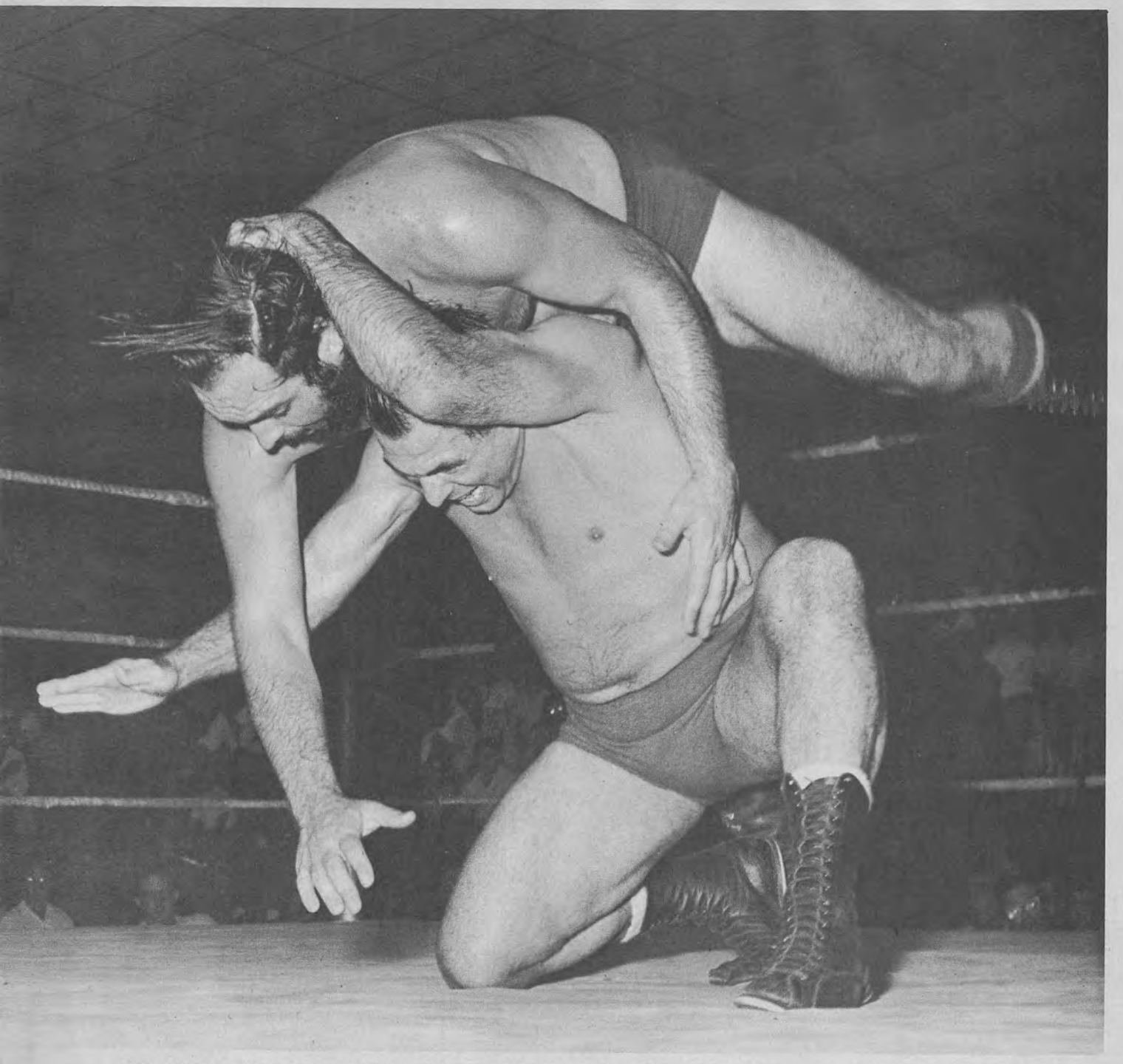


With a lightning-fast move and a twist of his arm, James sends the gigantic Alaskan flying over his head and crashing to mat.

United States, Canada and Australia.

He was so hepped up on being a wrestler that he even married one—pretty, dark-haired Terry Majors, who was also making a name for herself when Jim met her in Tampa, Fla., nine years ago.

Terry figured one wrestler in the family was enough—and devoted herself to their kids—Jimmy Jr., now 7, and Sharon Lynn, 8.

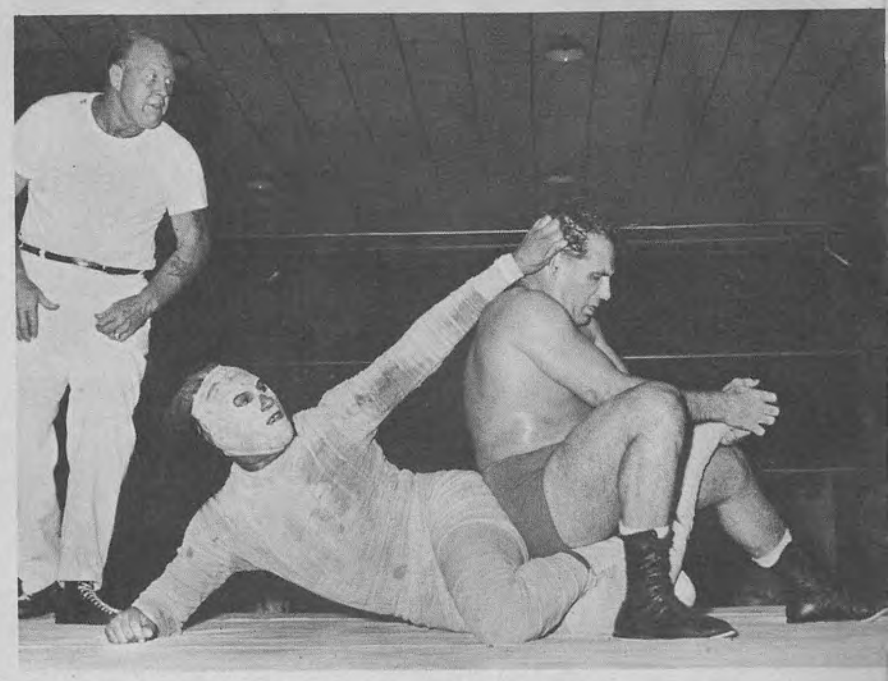
Recently back from the Pacific Coast, Jimmy tangled with the "Alaskan" and the dreaded "Mummy" at Lake Charles, La. His drop-kick was a beauty to behold. The Greek-Irish grappler has a variety of scientific holds, of course, but it's the drop-kick that wins the most bouts for him.

After hitting an opponent with it, he does an acrobatic nip-up that springs him back on his feet quicker than you can say "Aristophanes O'Toole."

Jimmy travels so much he hasn't got much time for his favorite pastimes—photography, hypnotism and etymology. Yep, etymology, the study of words.

Jimmy figures that if he can't hypnotize his foes into submission, he can at least leave them speechless. ●

The hated Mummy is whipped around like a toy by tricky Jimmy James during bout in Lake Charles, Louisiana.



Only Verne Gagne has mastered more holds than James. Here The Mummy tries to free himself from Jimmy's painful toehold.

Jimmy's wife is the lovely former wrestler, Terry Majors. They have two children, Jimmy Jr., 7, and Sharon Lynn, 8.

Jimmy chins on bar in dressing room before a recent match. He insists that condition is a vital part in the success of any athlete, particularly a wrestler.

Kellogg, after receiving championship belt from West Virginia Commissioner P. T. Malamisura (right), is congratulated by Billy Wolfe as referee Joe Fields looks on.

Karen sat quietly in rear seat during long drive from Columbus to Bluefield, wondering what the night would bring.

CORONATION IN BLUEFIELD

Standing alone after the smoke of battle had cleared was beautiful KAREN KELLOGG, now the indisputable Queen.

IT'S A LONG, ARDUOUS 230-MILE DRIVE from Columbus, Ohio, to Bluefield, West Va. The road snakes through endless mountains, widens and narrows without warning, and trailer trucks zooming by in the opposite direction caused even the heavy, powder-blue Mercury sedan to rock lazily in their backdraft.

Karen Kellogg, a pretty, blue-eyed, 18-year-old farm girl from Charles City, Iowa, sat quietly in the back seat of the car, nervously chewing her fingernails.

"Will we get there in time?" she asked Billy Wolfe, who was driving.

"Yes, dear," Wolfe answered. "Now you just sit back there and relax. Try to close your eyes, if you can. We'll be there in plenty of time. I promise."

Karen had good reason to be on edge. After all, this could be the biggest night of her young life. This was the night she could walk into the ring just another wide-eyed kid wrestler, and walk out a world champion. The girl yawned, more from nervousness than fatigue, and tried to doze off. A man in the death house had as much chance of resting.

It seemed to Karen, who has been wrestling less than a year, an eternity before Billy Wolfe finally pulled up in front of Bluefield's Municipal Auditorium, which is located just a stone's throw from the Virginia state line.

Billy opened the door and Karen quickly stepped out. "If you get the breaks tonight," Wolfe said, "the next time you get into this car you'll be champion."

The shy girl's face remained expressionless as Billy picked up her brown travelling bag and led her into the Auditorium and back to the dressing room.

Bluefield, a coal mining town that has been hit hard by automation of the mines and related hardships, doesn't have much to cheer about these days. Movie theatre attendance is down sharply, and touring shows would be better off to just keep right on touring rather than bed down in Bluefield. But for some reason, the townspeople turned out en masse for the All-Girl Wrestling Show at the Auditorium on that chilly night of November 3, 1962.

Although eight wrestlers were scheduled to appear, *the* attraction was Karen Kellogg, a homespun girl they had read about in newspapers and magazines who had captured their imagination. What did she look like in the flesh? Was she on the way to becoming as great a star as Mildred Burke and June Byers? Even Bluefield's most hardup citizens were willing to dig down deep in their pockets to find out.

Promoter Warren Schembeck explained how the tournament would work: "It will actually be a two-part tournament: heavyweight and lightweight. The winner of the heavyweight competition will earn the right to meet champion June Byers at a future date. The winner of the lightweight competition will be crowned Lightweight Champion of the World and awarded a championship belt in the ring tonight."

Promoter Schembeck commented, as he happily surveyed the jam-packed house, "Karen will compete in the lightweight competition, and if she can attract crowds like this, I hope she wins."

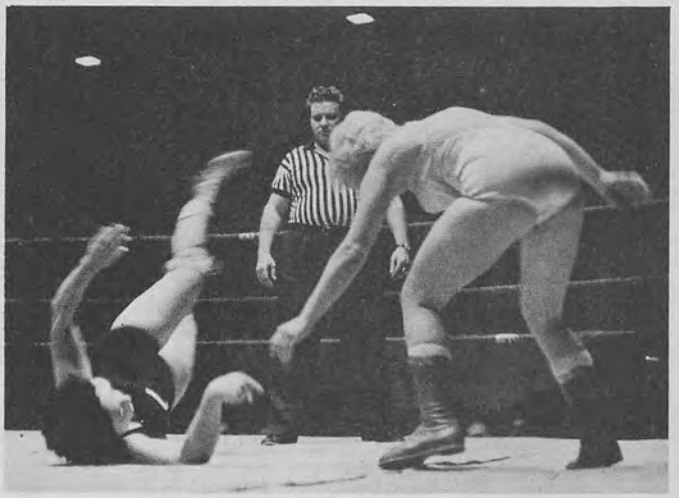
The spectacular pictures on these pages, another WRESTLING REVUE scoop typical of the complete coverage available only in this, the world's leading wrestling publication, gives you a ringside seat and carries you from the opening bout to Karen Kellogg's dramatic coronation. •

(see next page)

Photographed for Wrestling Revue by STANLEY WESTON

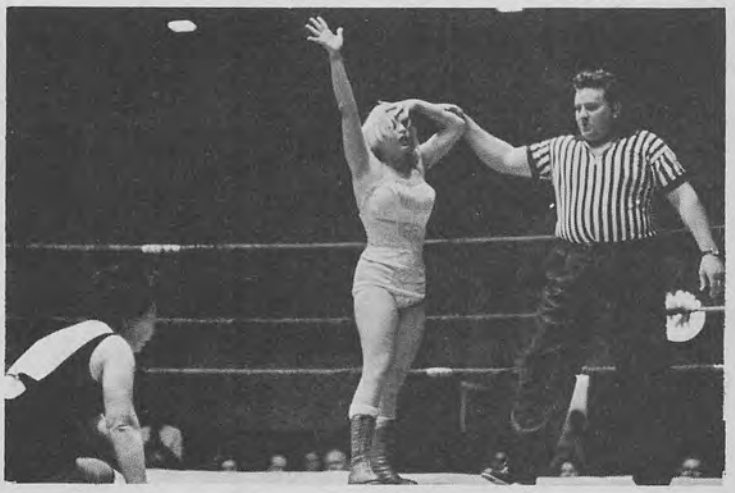
Karen whips off jacket and returns to her corner awaiting start of her first bout of evening, against tough Jane Conrad.

After Conrad smashed her in the face, Karen checks to see if the blow caused nose bleed. Then she began a furious attack.

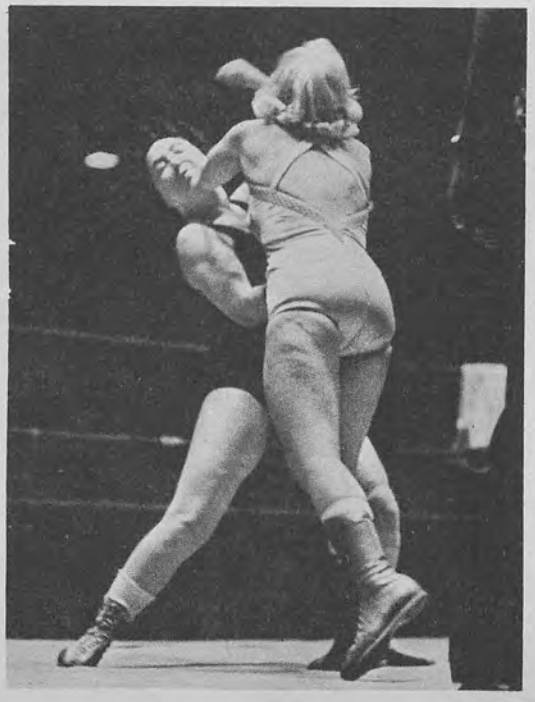


Kellogg actually swept Conrad off her feet. Here Karen lunges at Jane, hoping to follow up advantage before Jane recovers.

KAREN KELLOGG DEFEATS JANE CONRAD



Referee Joe Fields raises Karen's hand after she pinned Conrad to win first bout on her way to taking the championship.

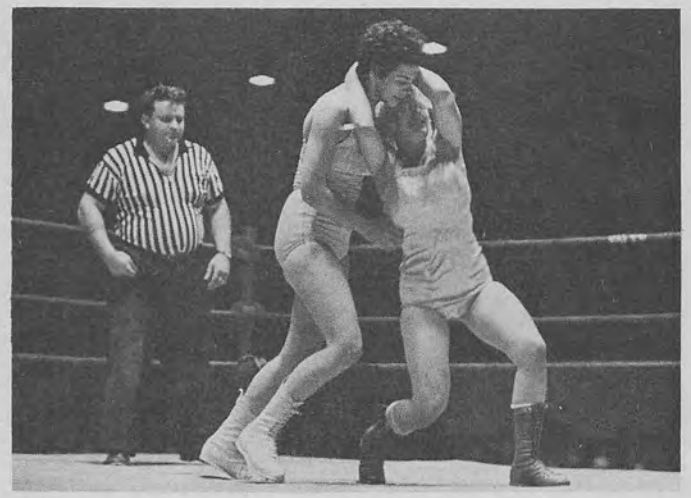


(Left) Conrad, an old pro in the girl wrestling business, hits Kellogg in body in unsuccessful try to slow her down.

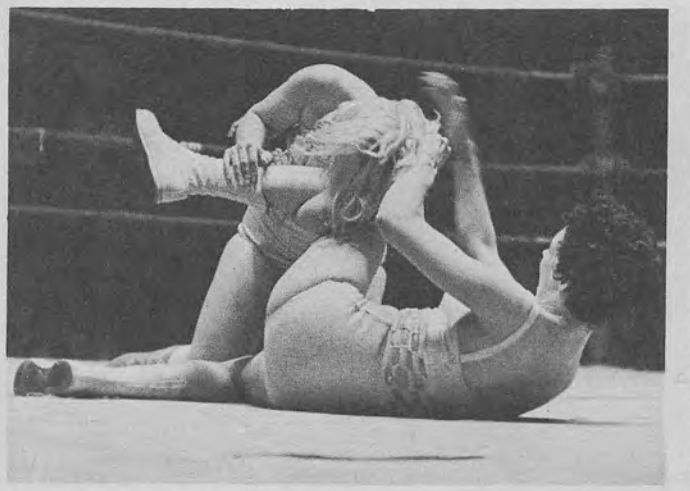
KAREN KELLOGG BEATS LOLA LaRAY FOR TITLE

In final bout of lightweight tournament, Karen (down) faced the tough and vastly more experienced Lola LaRay.

LaRay, shown slamming Karen to the floor with terrific impact, took complete charge during early part of bout.



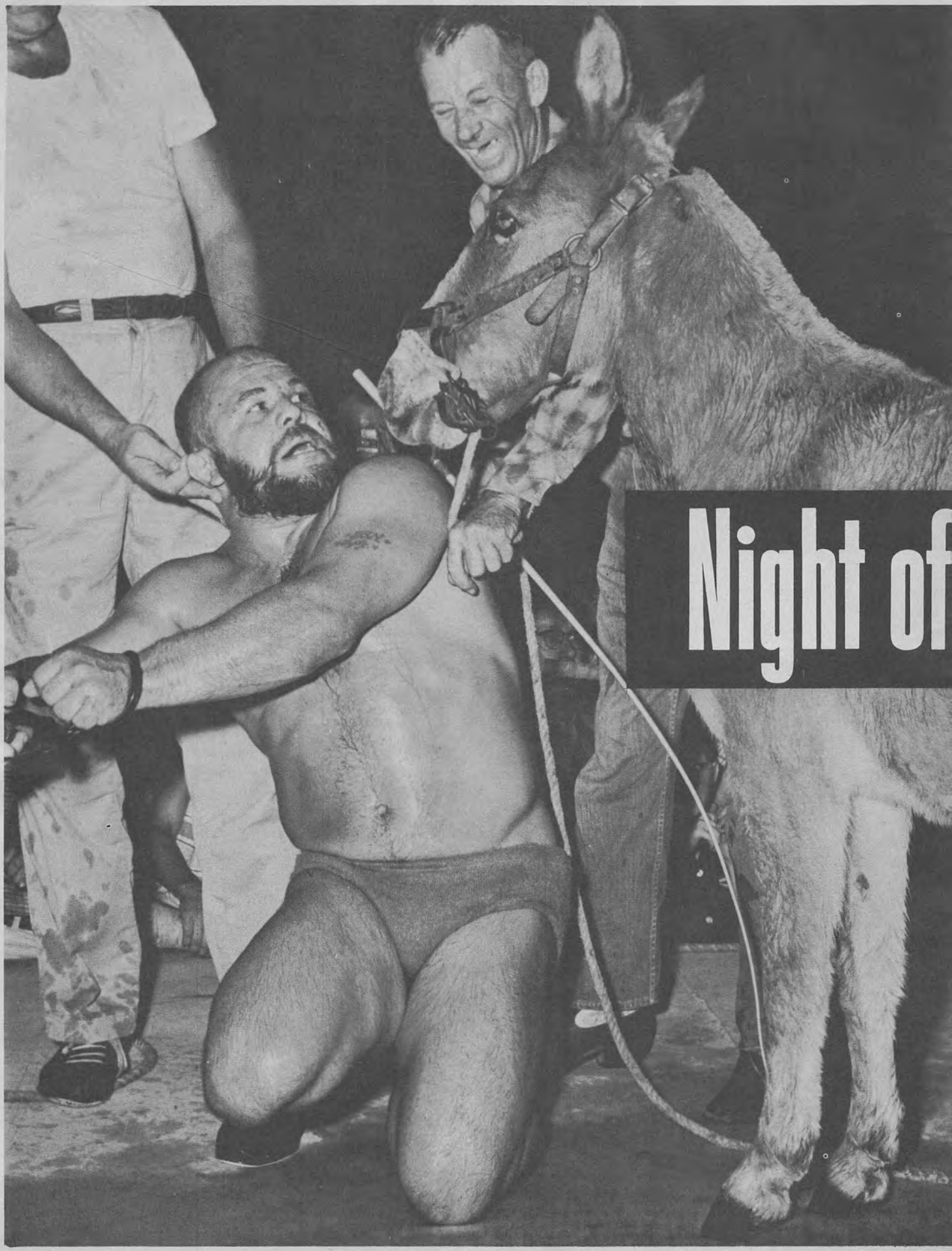
But Karen started to come on after five minutes had passed. Here she is about to send Lola whipping over her head.



LaRay pulls Kellogg's golden hair in vain attempt to force her to release leg lock. Eventually, Lola freed herself.

A happy Karen Kellogg flashes warm smile at her teacher, Billy Wolfe, after she pinned LaRay and was awarded gold belt.

(*continued on page* 64)


Night of

the Jackass

It was agreed that the loser of this showdown battle between Tony Borne and Danny McShane would bathe a jackass right in the ring. The donkey got his bath, alright, but neither Tony nor Danny did the job.

THE FANS GAPED WHEN THE JACKASS WAS LED INTO THE RING. At least, it *looked* like a jackass. But what was it doing with zebra stripes? No one knew. One thing was sure, though: the critter smelled awful. The aroma curled the ropes and wilted everybody in the first five rows.

"Haw!" brayed the donkey.

"Haw yourself!" brayed a fan. "You belong in there with those other jackasses!"

"Those other jackasses," if you'll pardon the expression, were two grapplers who had been carrying on a vendetta—tough, rough and bearded Tony Borne and tough, rough unbearded Irish Danny McShane.

"This donkey," cried the announcer, "is a special added attraction tonight. He needs a bath pretty bad. And the loser of this bout is gonna give it to him—right here."

But nobody was going to make a jackass out of Tony or Danny. So they started wrestling like wildcats. It was a nifty trick but it didn't fool the donkey. He knew one of those wildcats would end up swabbing him down.

With one fall apiece, the boys were clawing up the canvas in the third frame when Tony's manager, Leo "The Lion" Newman, got into the act—and into McShane's hair. Danny finally spun around and gave Leo a tooth-crunching boot in the kisser. In a blazing flash, McShane then sailed out of the ring and passed out.

With the loser out cold, the donkey was in danger of missing his regular Friday night bath. The incensed Texans who had jammed into Houston's Civic Auditorium to see the fun, blamed Newman and howled for him to use the soap and brush on the donkey.

"Never!" sputtered Leo.

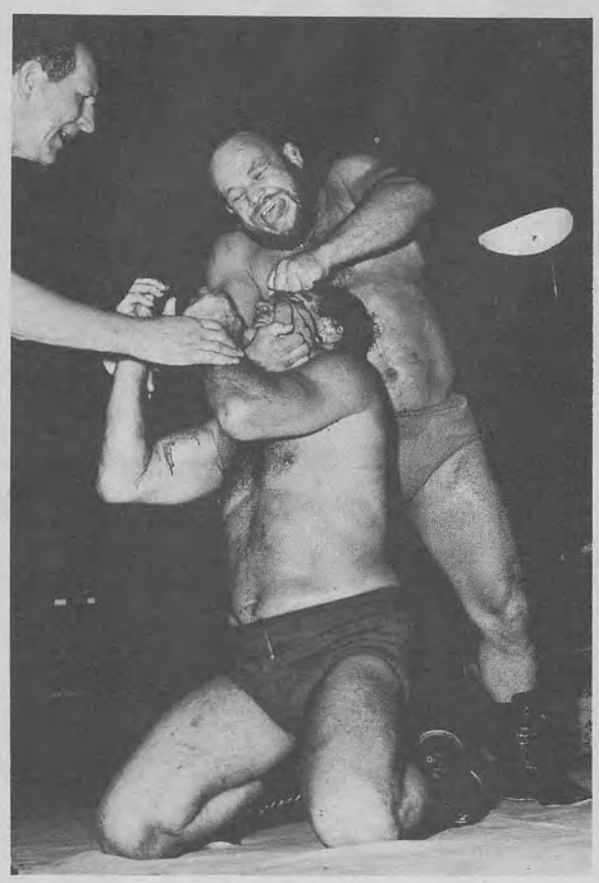
But Irish Mike Clancy and some other grapplers, who were on the scene for just such an emergency, soon changed Leo's mind after handcuffing Borne to the ropes to keep him from interfering.

For Leo, it was an ignominious evening all around. The jackass didn't care for his brushwork and dumped him. Flat on his—uh—pratt. ●

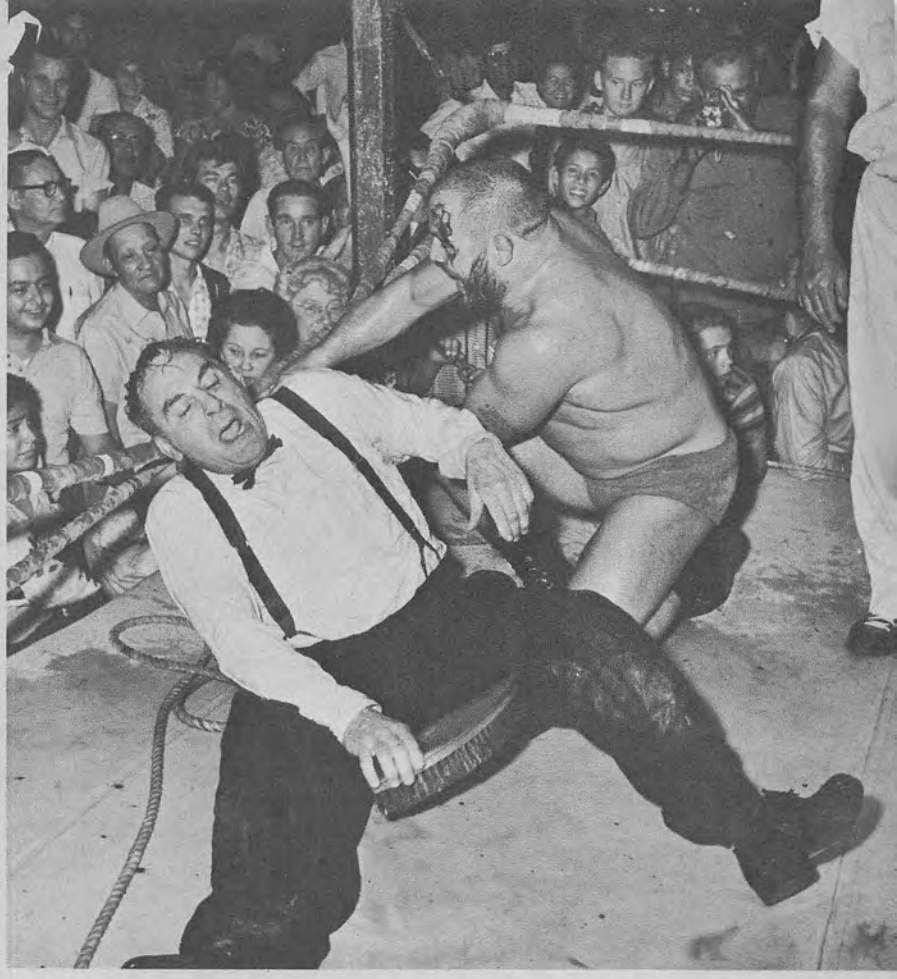
Tony Borne (left) and his manager Leo Newman were jeered as they entered Houston arena for grudge match with Danny McShane.

Borne, lacing boots, listens closely to Newman's pre-bout advice: "When that gong sounds, hit him (McShane) low, hard and fast."

Tough Tony Borne catapults off the top rope like a sprinter, ignoring referee's protests.



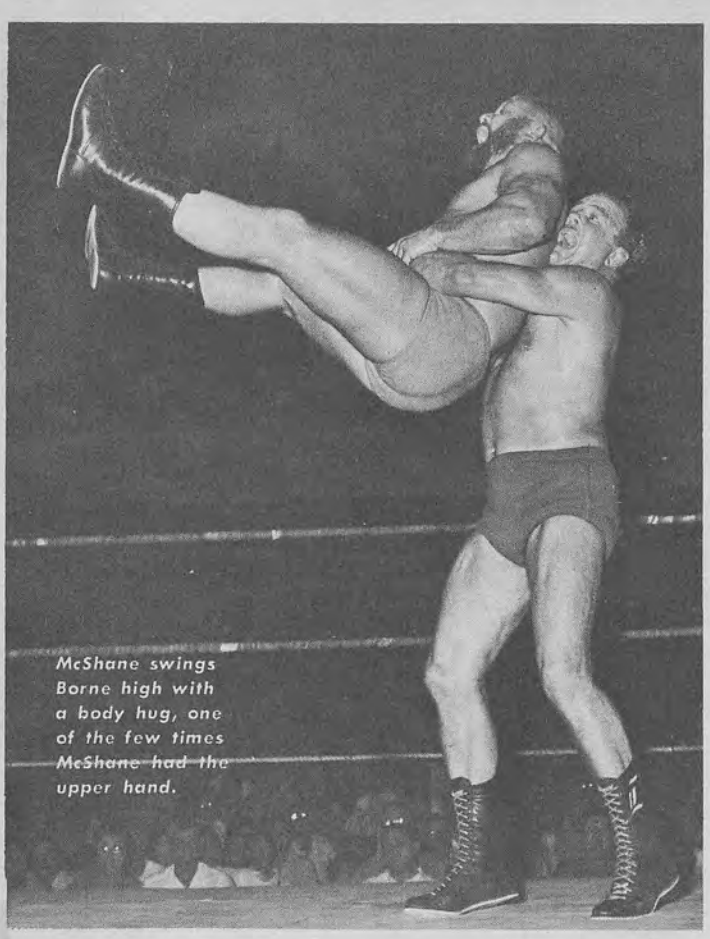
"Get away!" cries the referee, but the sadistic Borne continues to gouge McShane's blood-splattered eyes.



A drenched Newman (suspenders) cries for momma. Loser McShane got KO'd and couldn't wash down donkey. So fans insisted Leo take the rap.

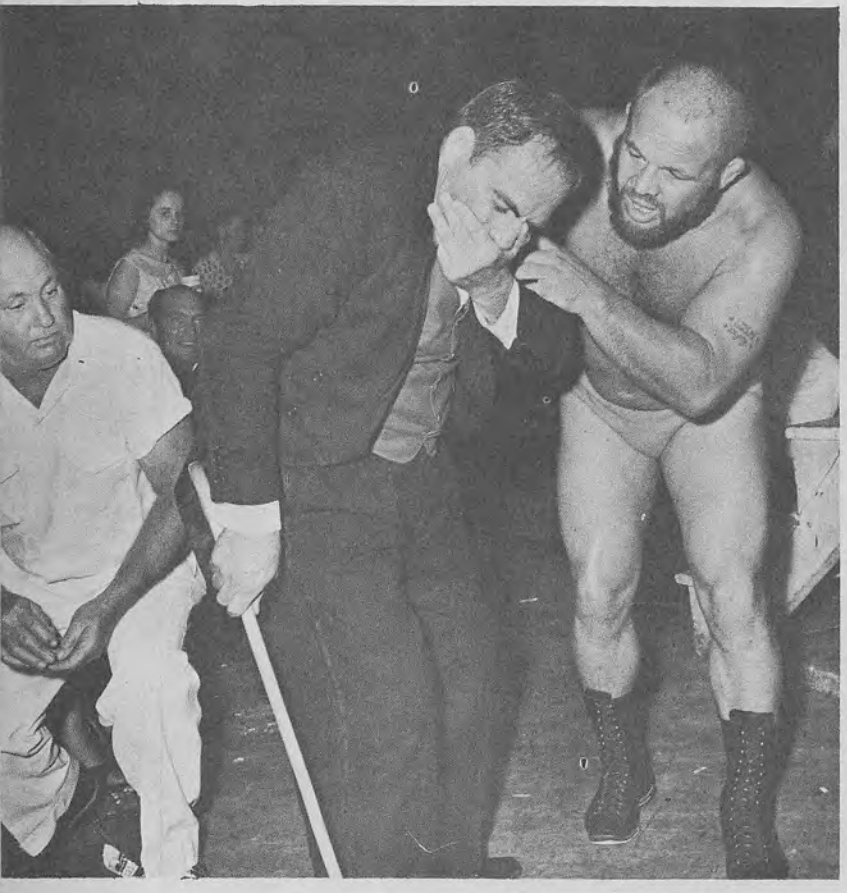
Left: Blood streaming down his face, McShane aims a feeble fist at Borne's gut. But Tony grabs his hair to halt attack.

Out on his feet, McShane is completely at Borne's mercy. Borne's got his hair again and Danny walks forward in a daze.

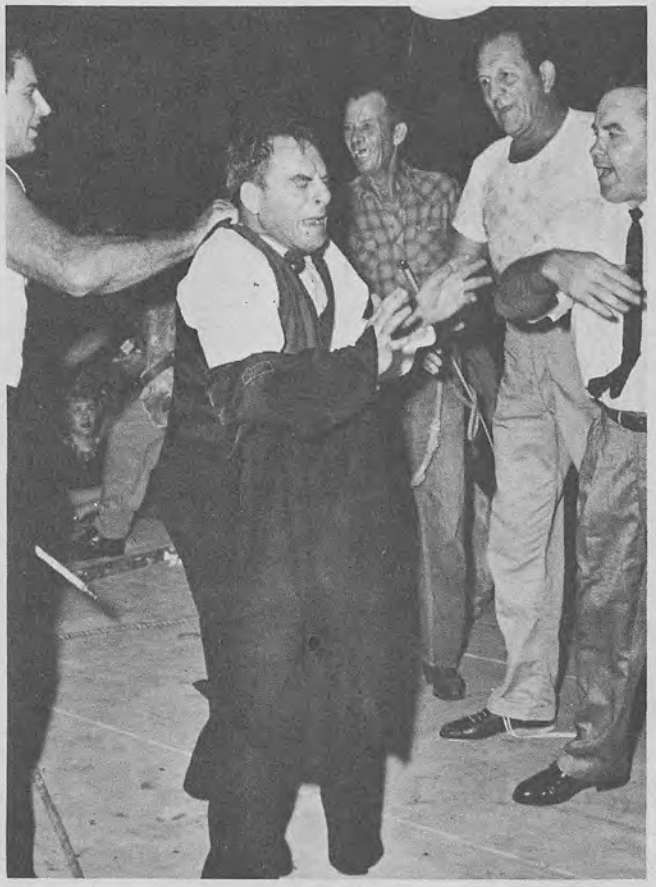


McShane swings Borne high with a body hug, one of the few times McShane had the upper hand.

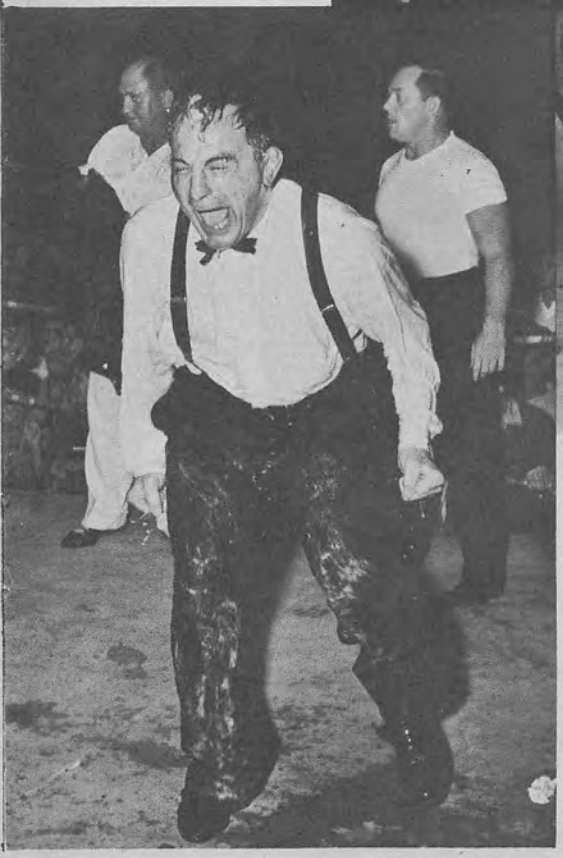
"I won this bout!" yells outraged, handcuffed Borne. "If you mugs don't quit picking on Leo (Newman), I'll get ya later, ya '#"!"



Leo just got kicked in the teeth by McShane for kibitzing. Borne comforts him, as the referee (left) holds one tooth and looks for more.



"Get over there and swab that jackass down!" snarls Mike Clancy as he belts Newman in the kisser.



Newman, humbled to his knees, cringes as the first pail of suds head for him and not the donkey. Later he got careless with his scrub brush and the donkey gave him a boot in the you-know-where.

Newman, a sudsy, sodden wreck, threatens to sue everybody in the joint for wrecking his tux and teeth. Later he swore he and his boy Borne would never return to Texas.

BOUTS WE CAN'T FORGET

WHIPPER BILLY WATSON vs. GE

Toronto, Canada, November

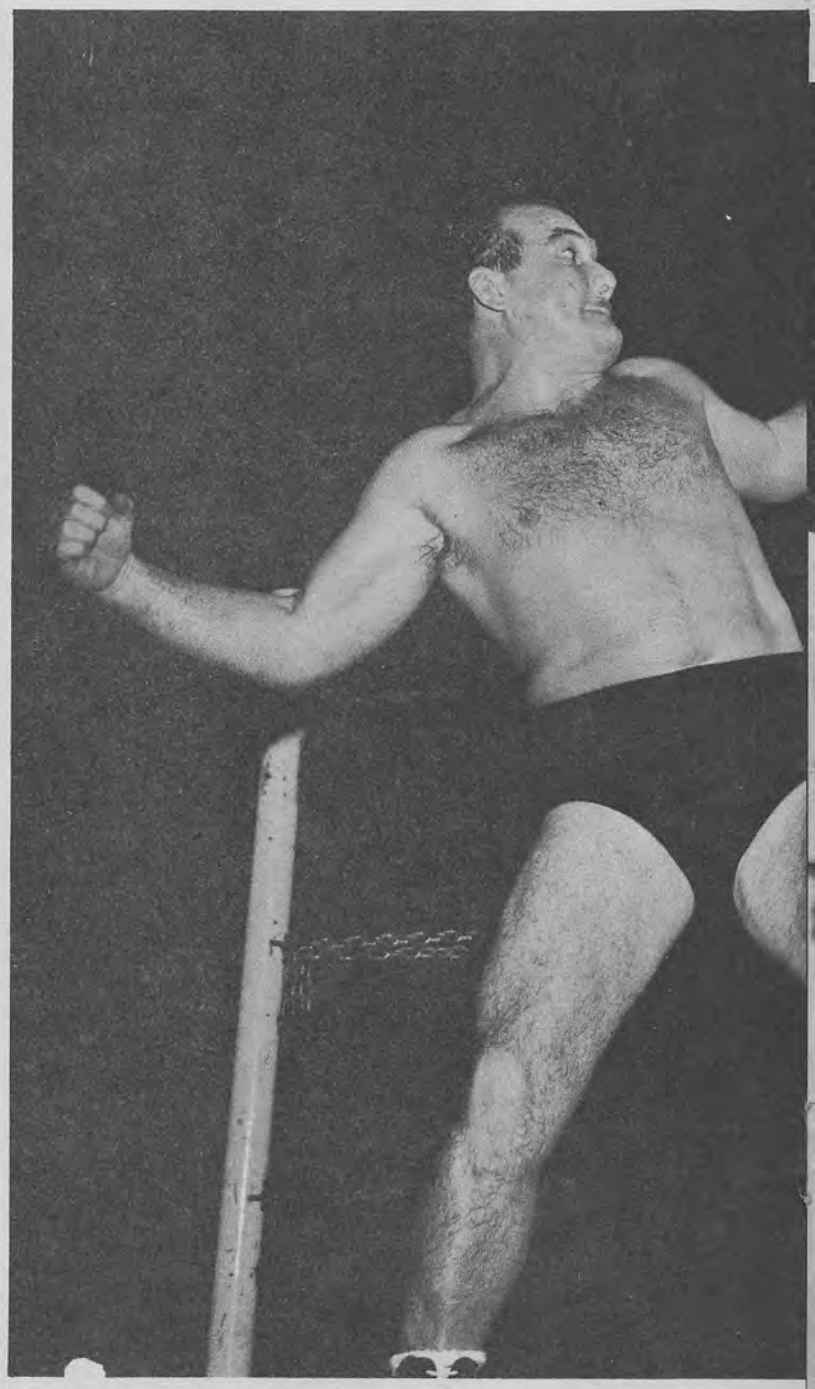
WHIPPER BILLY WATSON will tell you that if he had his way Gene Kiniski would be locked away in a maximum security prison for the rest of his natural life.

"I have wrestled just about every so-called villain over the past twenty years," said the beloved, mild-mannered Whipper. "I have always taken it for granted that the things they do in the ring are just part of their style and that, after all, they are just trying to earn a living like you and I."

Watson explained that he never really kept a grudge. "Even after a particularly violent bout in which I was gouged, kicked and whatnot, I forgot about it when it came time to leave the arena."

Whipper shook his head in a gesture of non-understanding, then continued. "But Gene Kiniski is something entirely different. I always get the feeling when we wrestle each other that he's not out just to beat me, collect his money and then go home. I feel that he is actually trying to murder me. Leave me for dead! I realize that's a terrible thing to say about a fellow human being. But then again I am not sure whether Kiniski is human."

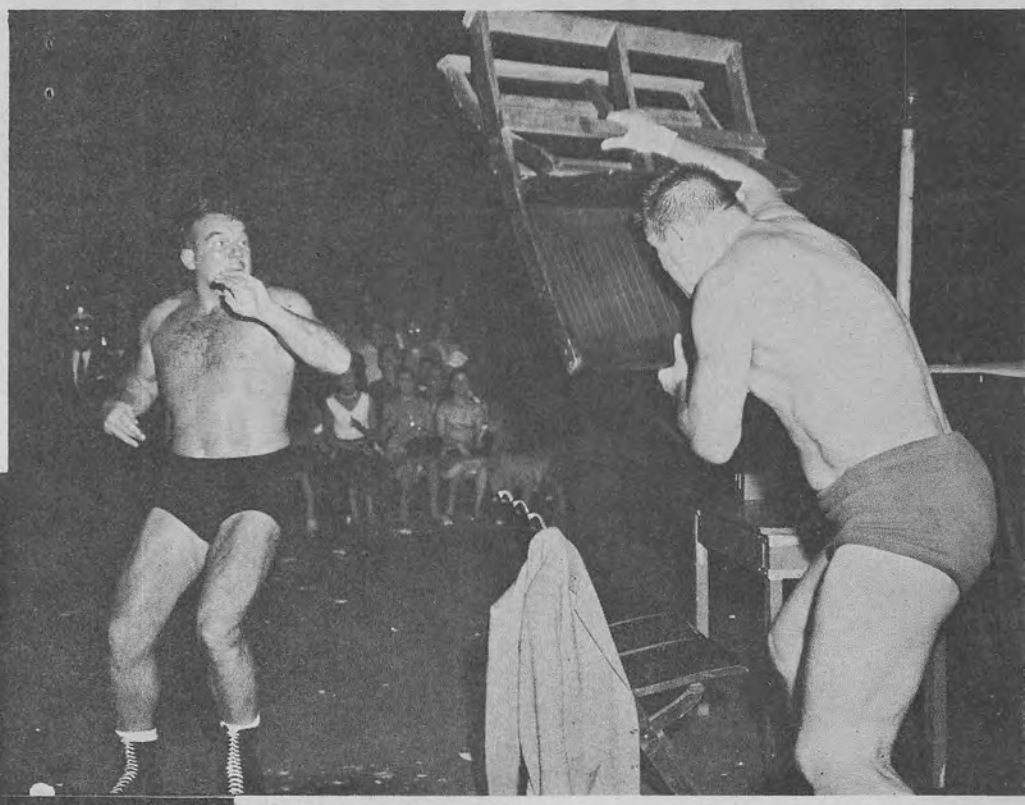
Watson had exposed his life and limb against the furious wrath of Kiniski several times over a period of years, although the exact number of bouts is not a matter of record. But those who have followed their brutal series agree almost unanimously that their match of November 14, 1960, in Toronto, was by far the most violent of all. (*continued on page* 28)



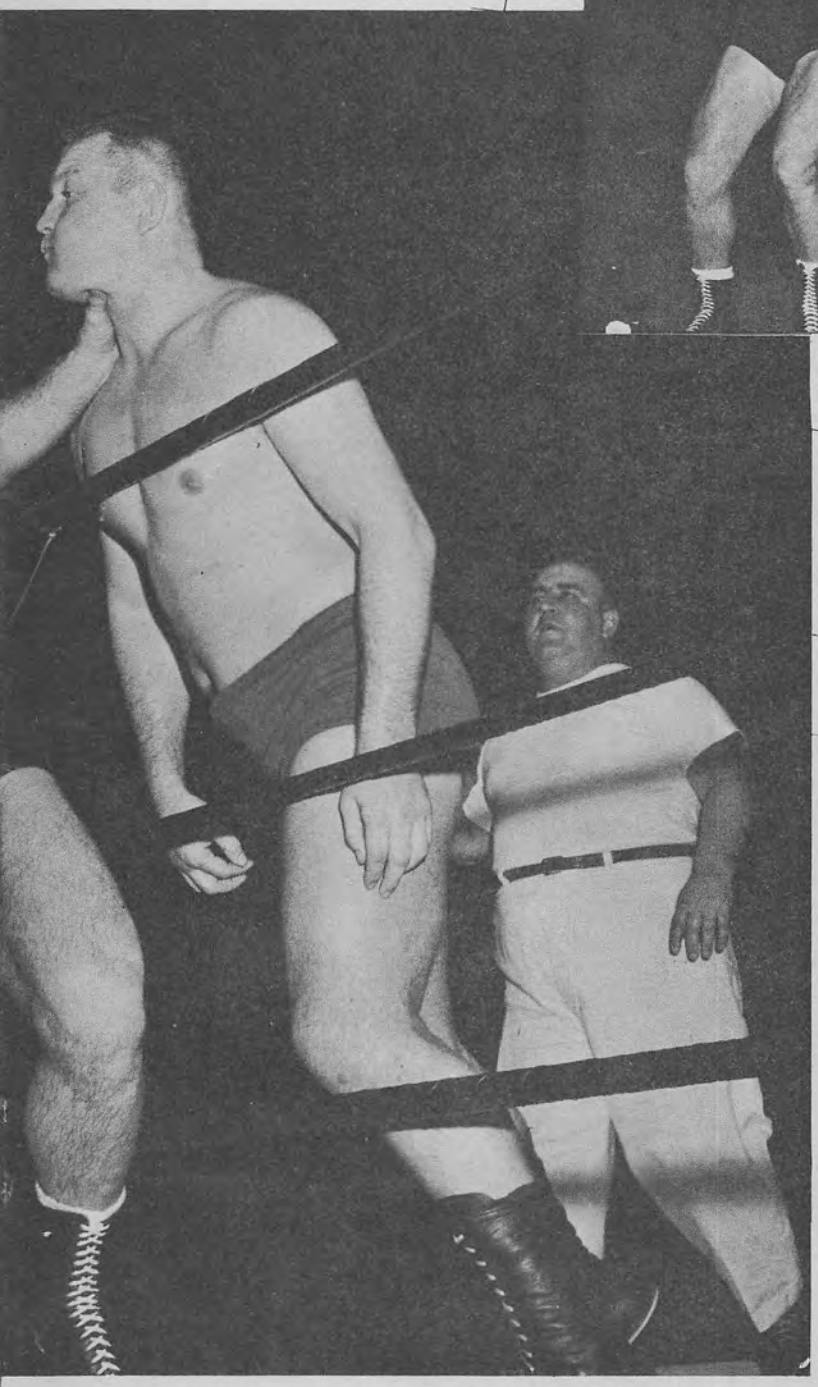
Fury of match is pictured in dramatic ringside photo taken shortly after bout began. After being kicked from ring, Watson (left)

NE KINISKI

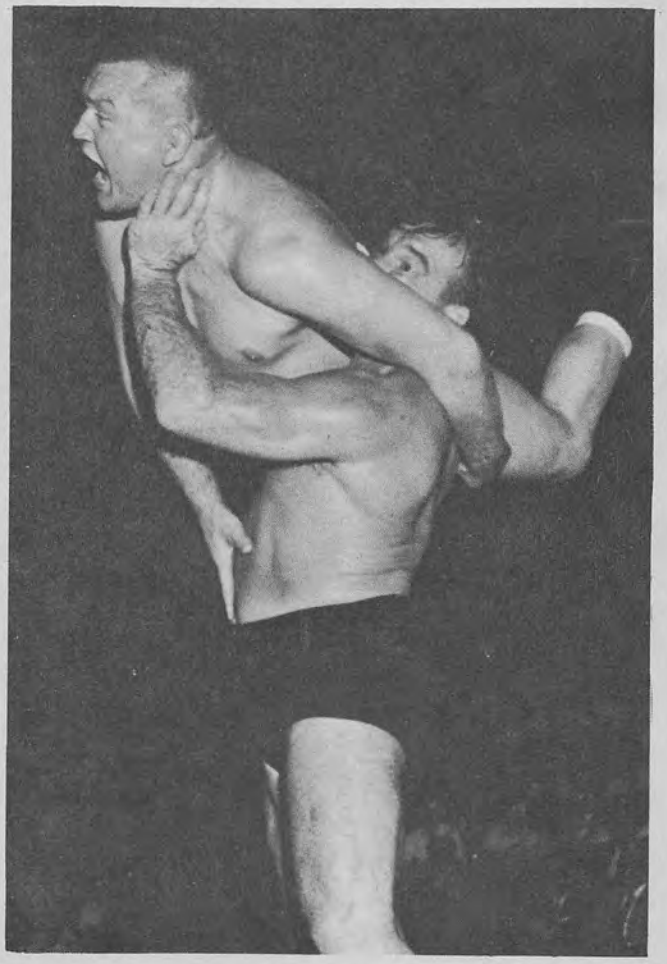
14, 1960



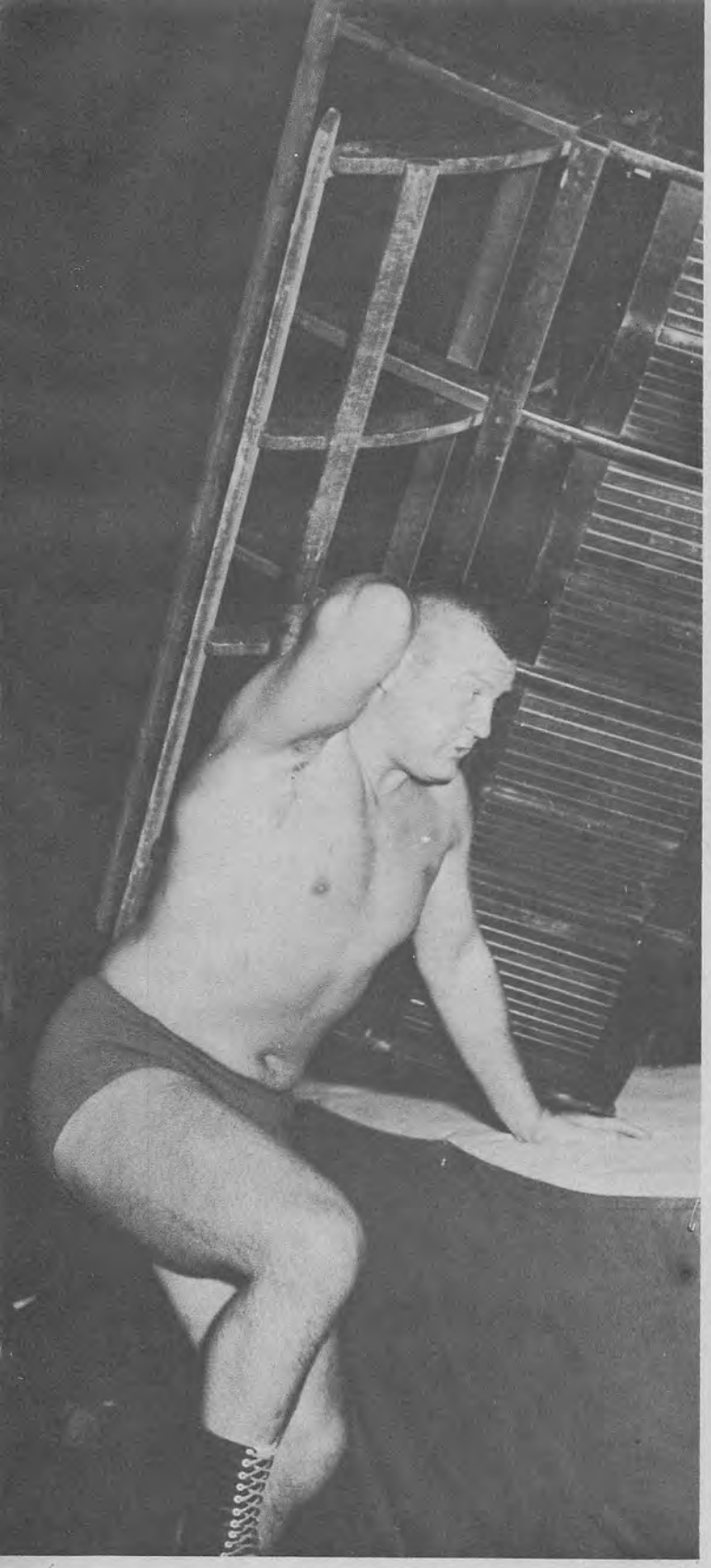
Much of the action took place outside ring. Here, while dashing between spectators, Kiniski goes after Billy with chairs.



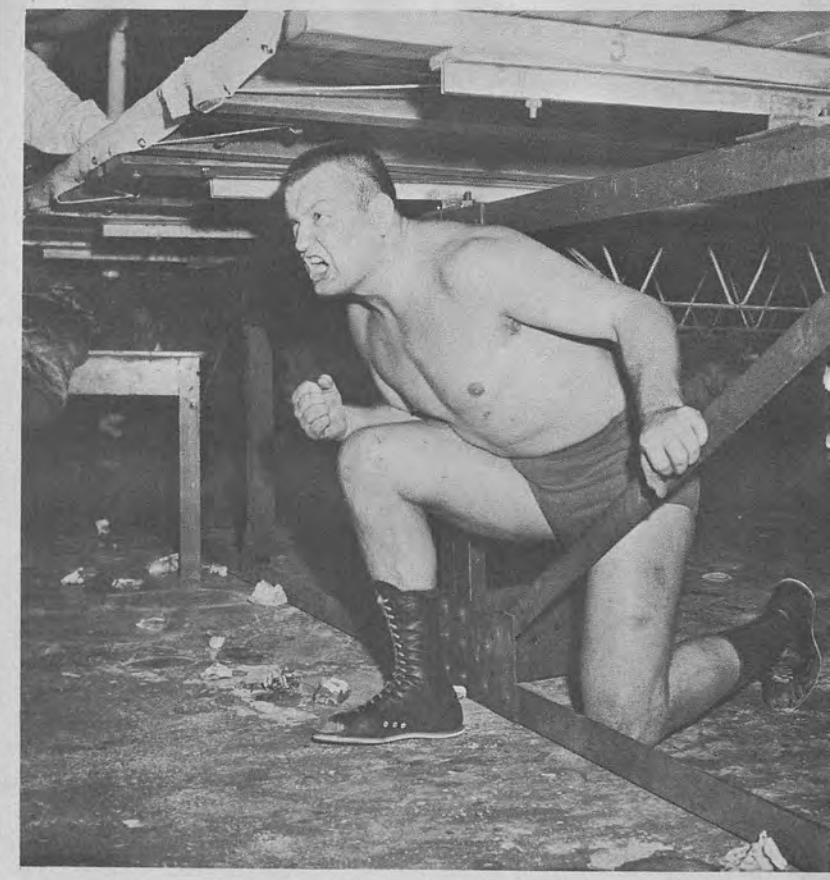
raced onto ring apron and caught the onrushing Kiniski by the throat, making him a fixed target for a terrific punch.



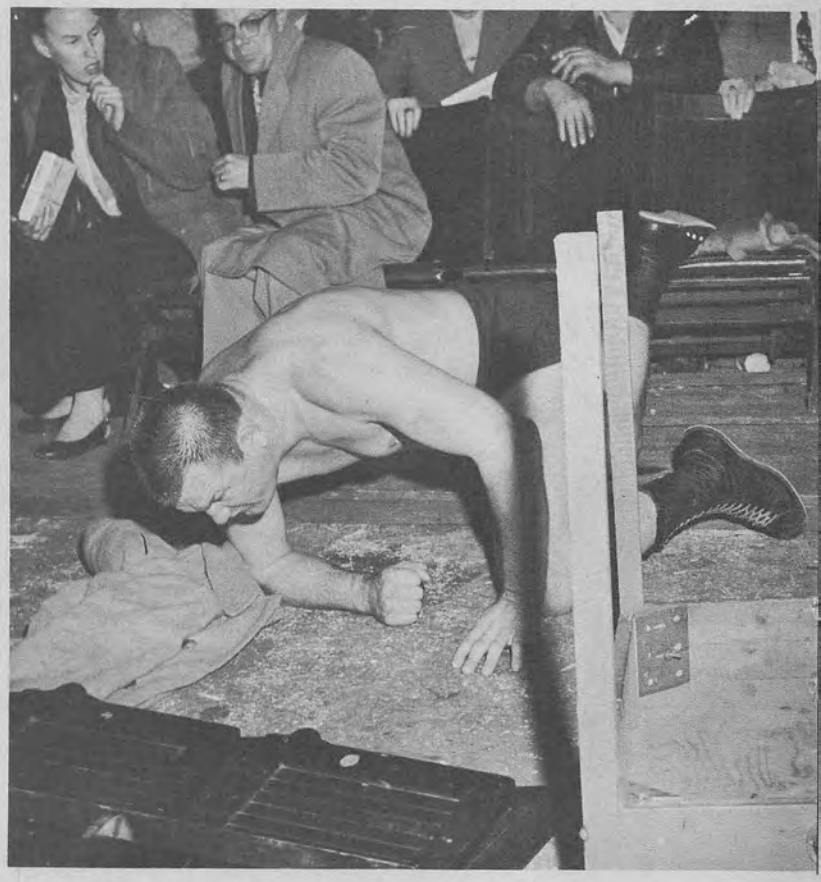
Dramatic moment came at five minute mark when Watson picked up Kiniski and hurled him like a baseball out of the ring.



Kiniski looks like famous sculpture of Atlas shouldering the world as he carries deck of chairs back into the ring.

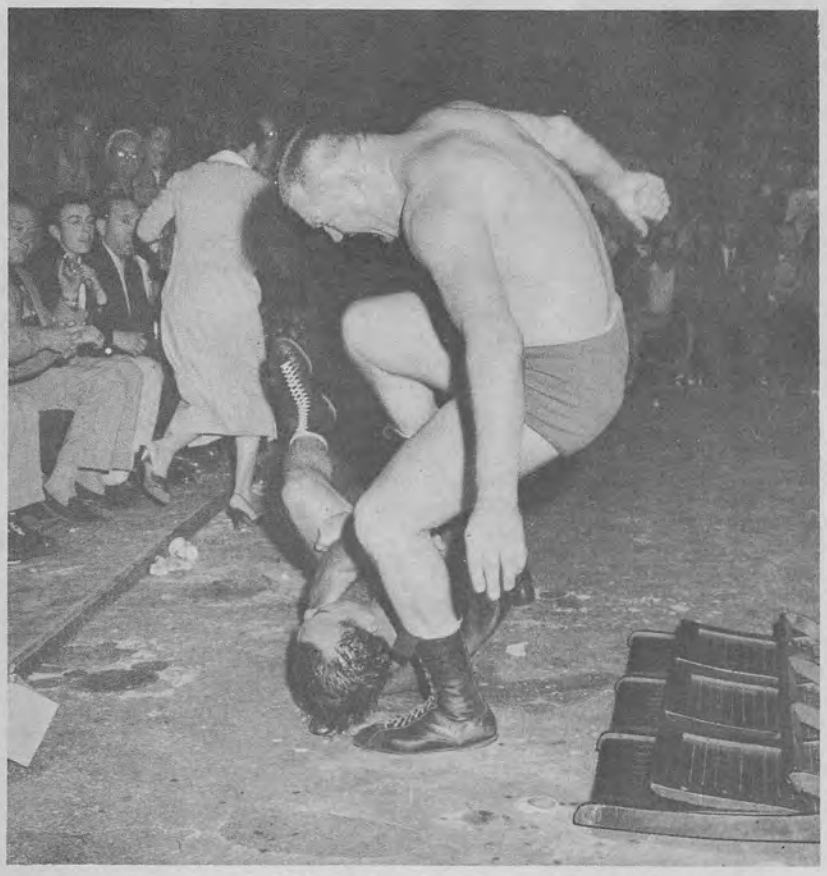


The action drifted even under the ring. Here Kiniski snarls after crawling under full length of ring for a rear assault.



Kiniski landed with booming thud on hard arena floor after he was pushed from ring as bout approached its climax.

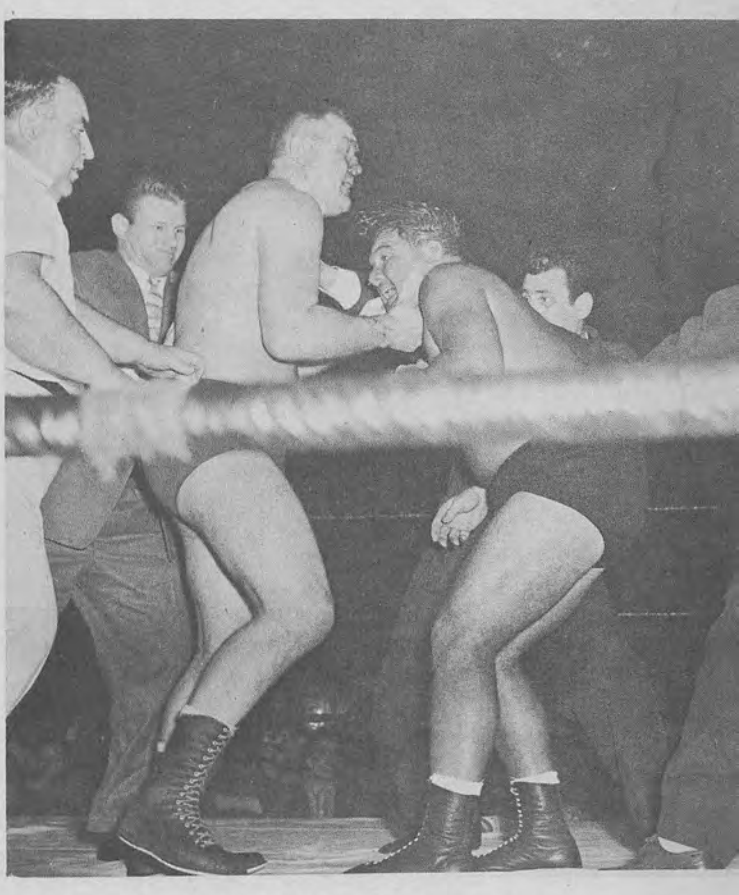
The pictures on these pages capture the furious highlights of that bout, and will, we feel sure, tend to remind those who saw it in person of a night they will never forget. •



A spectator dashes for cover as Kiniski, in a blinding rage, stomps the stricken Watson after battering him clear from the ring.

When Kiniski again tried to clobber Watson with chairs, Billy shoved Gene and his "equipment" out of the ring.

Watson aims Gene for nearest ringpost as crowd roars for the kill. Kiniski was cut on forehead and on the bridge of his nose.



Yielding at last to protest of the fans, the referee disqualified Kiniski (left), who was still full of fight.

To me, they were the most exciting tag team of all time. None could arouse a crowd as they could. None had the inborn flare for showmanship. That's why...

I Remember The

BY STANLEY WESTON

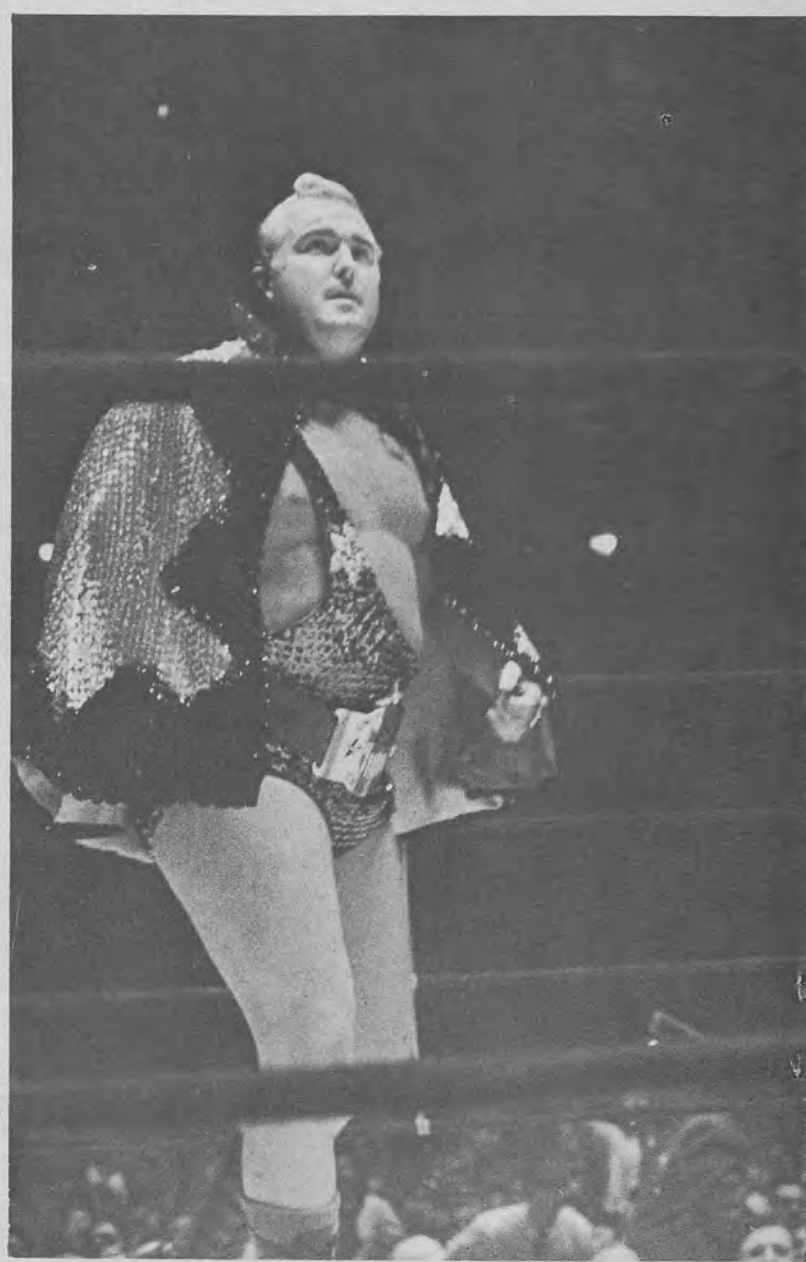
IT WAS A DAY OF BEAUTY and a day of sorrow, a day of happiness touched with nostalgia; it was a day of ribald laughter, of excitement and danger. It was the day the Graham Brothers got together again.

Not in the ring, which is where the sorrow and nostalgia came in. For, had they got together in the ring as they used to not so long ago, there would have been only the excitement, the laughter and the danger. The excitement of the crowd, the laughter of the Grahams and the the danger to their opponents.

But no, this was a "family reunion" as the burly blonds met this reporter on Eddie's cruiser, the "Little Mike", in Tampa Bay. It was a very special party. "Doctor" Jerry Graham, the older brother, had come south at Eddie's invitation; object: to talk about old times. Not many people would fly 2,000 miles during a busy working schedule just to have a chat and an hour's skin diving in Tampa—and fly back in time to wrestle in California that night. But that's how the Grahams are. Separated though they are, professionally, they are still brothers, and very close.

We left the pier just after dawn, the three of us, and Eddie expertly guided the Little Mike out into the Bay and beyond. Our destination was a bank of coral reefs offshore, where there were hordes of grouper, bass, mantas, rays, barracuda and a hundred other species of marine life. Our equipment: spear guns, SCUBA gear and complete skin-diving essentials. And our supplies: Lunch for five persons (the Grahams ate enough for any four) and a fifth of good scotch, J and B. The scotch was strictly for a scientific experiment. Jerry wanted to prove that it was possible for a thirsty man to sustain his strength by taking a drink underwater.

Eddie, slowing the engines as we reached the banks, said, "I already told you—it's dangerous to drink when diving with SCUBA. Mixing liquor and compressed air can kill you. A drink under water is equivalent to 10 in the open air."



Entrance of the Graham brothers was a glittering spectacle in itself.

Blood streaming from head wound, 250-pound Jerry mounts ropes for one of his famous flying leaps. Eddie, meanwhile, was maneuvering opponent near corner to serve as Jerry's landing strip.

Grahams

Attired in multi-colored sequin capes and leotards, they panicked crowd.

Jerry laughed scornfully. "For ordinary people, maybe, but not for me. I can drink ten shots to the average guy's one."

He wasn't exaggerating by much. At least, he had proved throughout a long and exciting life that there's nothing ordinary or average about Jerry Graham. I thought about it as we cruised slowly over the hidden coral reef and the famous brothers made ready their skin-diving equipment.

The great years were 1958-59. That was the period that saw the Graham Brothers gross $200,000, possibly the all-time high for a tag team. That was when the Grahams were the scourge of wrestling throughout the eastern United States. Rarely have two men been hated as much as were these blond furies, both in and out of the ring. When they were booked to wrestle in Madison Square Garden, they would have to call ahead, warning officials of their arrival. An armed cordon of police would meet their cab, surround them and form a protective flying wedge across the sidewalk to the entrance —while inflamed fans tried to get at the brothers with fists, feet and sometimes even knives.

We remembered an old police guardsman, on duty at Garden events since the days of Zbyszko and Strangler Lewis, shaking his head. "I never saw anything like this," he murmured, watching the maddened throng strive to get at the fleeing Grahams. "Nobody ever excited a crowd like those two. What do they *do* to them?"

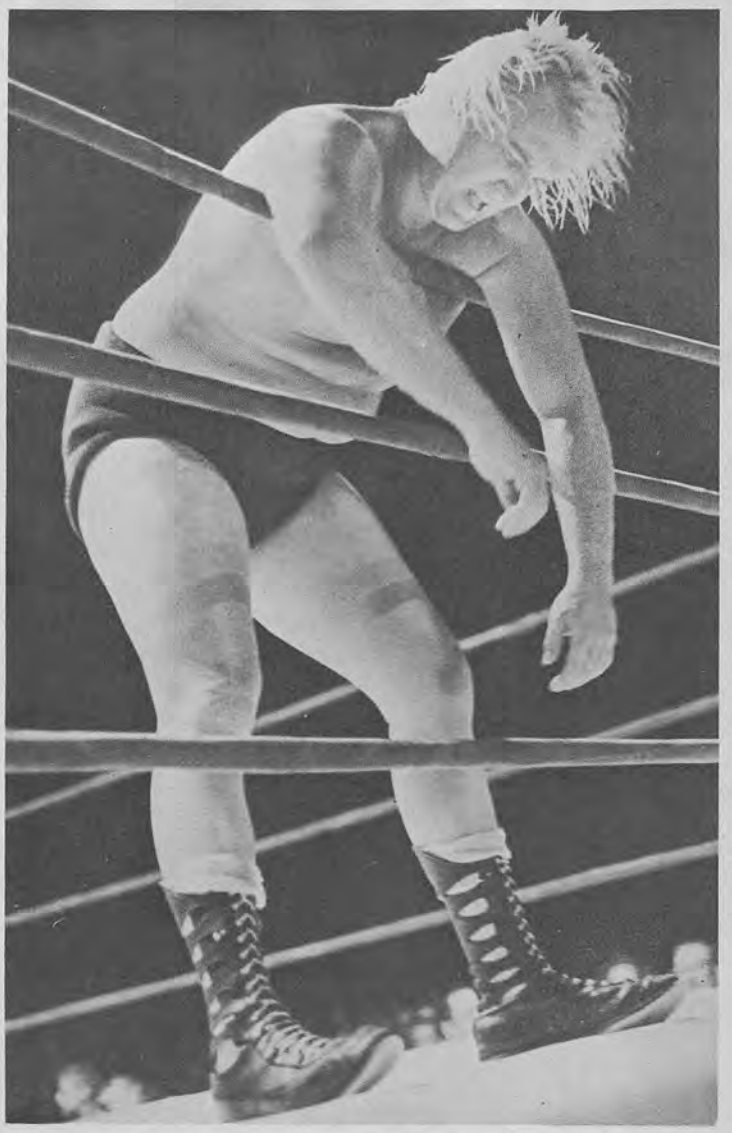
Many have tried to answer that question. It was like mass hypnosis, as though Jerry Graham would wave his hand and yell, *"Hate us!"* and the crowd would hate them with a lust seldom seen since the world's great revolutions.

In fact, earlier in his career, Jerry—he isn't really a doctor, but he did earn a degree at Southern Cal—was a hypnotist and used that ability as a pre-match gimmick.

Other wrestling villains are hated by fans, and many have been physically attacked by individuals. But never has anyone so aroused the massed anger of a crowd as did the Grahams.

Full view of Jerry's leap shows him several feet in the air and taking dead aim on his target, Mark Lewin's throat.

After losing a fall to Lewin and his partner Don Curtis, Jerry is told to relax during rest period by Eddie.



Super showman Jerry Graham drapes his huge body over ropes during Madison Square Garden match in January 1958.

And the main object of their loathing was Jerry. It was he who set off the famous 1957 rhubarb at Madison Square Garden when he slugged Antonino Rocca from behind. This fracas nearly ended wrestling in New York State, but it made the name Graham a household word in a million homes. Like household ammonia.

It was a year later—after having exhausted the Bruiser and a previous tag team partner, Roy Shire—that Jerry finally teamed up with his less explosive kid brother, Eddie. Eddie, although a good wrestler in his own right, was not as colorful a Jerry. But he was—and this is important—essentially a decent guy.

Jerry talked him into teaming up. He had long talks with the easy-going Eddie, convincing him that the only way to make it big was to be tougher than the other guy. There are some who say that the complete reversal of Eddie's way of thinking was a result of Jerry's hypnotic spell. Like a Svengali, they say, he turned his brother into a hellcat hardly less devilish than himself. We won't beat the point; we only know that the result was the most devastating tag team ever to appear on the mat. And it was that way until 1960.

But now we were over the secret fishing spot that Eddie Graham had found months before. Beneath his anchored boat were thousands of fish waiting to be speared by the two adventurers. Eddie told me that it had been Jerry who introduced him to skin diving several years earlier. Now Eddie had become one of the most enthusiastic—and expert—divers in Florida.

But my mind was on the Grahams—the way they used to be. While they loaded their spear guns, I asked questions.

"Tell me the truth," I said. "What really caused you guys to break up when you were on top? There were a million rumors."

Eddie sat back on the gunnel of the boat and relaxed. He looked thoughtful. I could tell I had brought up a painful subject. "It's not very complicated," said Eddie. "Jerry and I have different basic natures, that's all. He's more of an extrovert. He can be wild in the ring because

he's wild outside of it. It's a part of him. Me, I had to force myself. Also, I have a family. I don't like to be away from Mike and Lucy. The kind of life we had to lead as a villain tag team meant being on the road most of the time and being hated by nice people. I just couldn't take it."

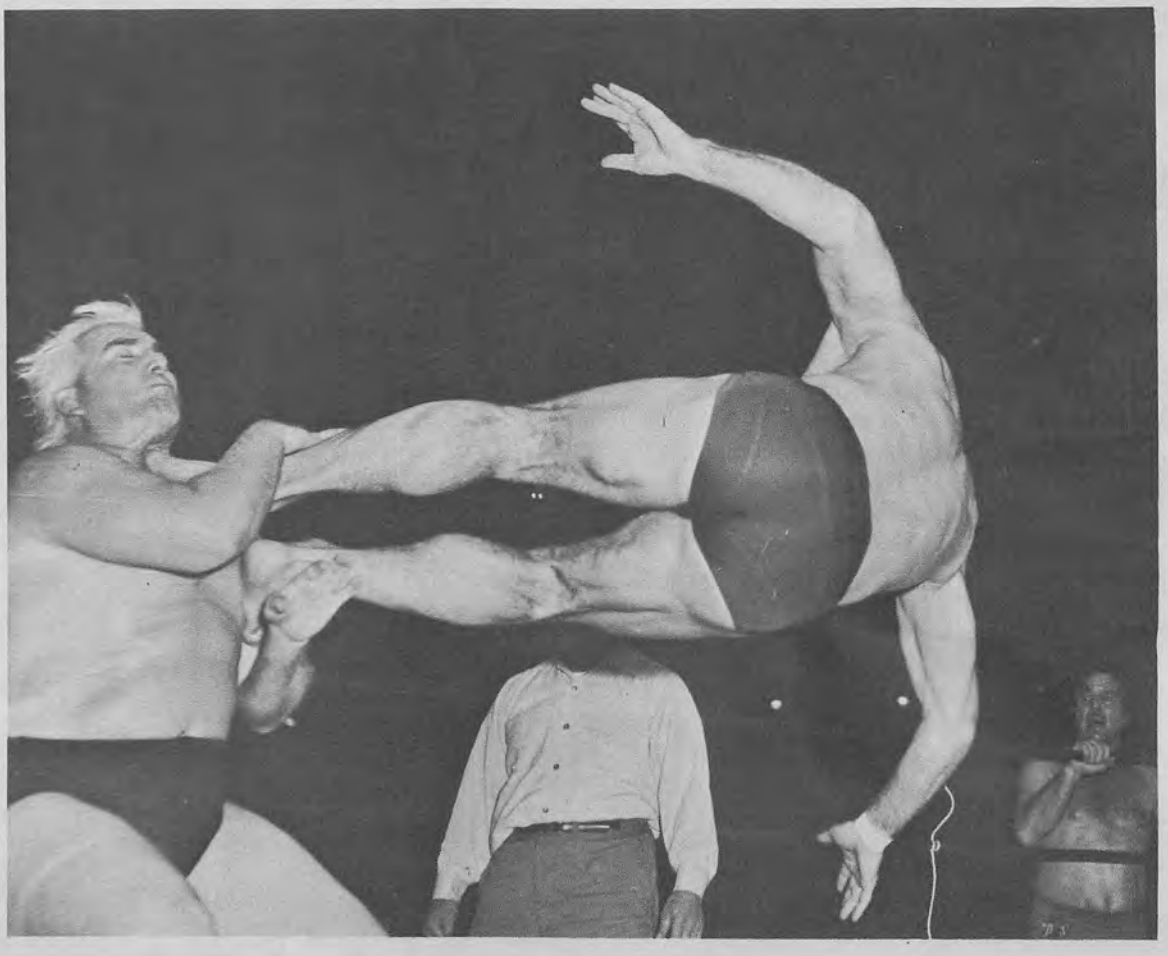
"That's about it," agreed Jerry. "For the sake of the team, Eddie tried to act like a madman in the ring—like me, only I wasn't acting." He grinned wryly. "I could tell, after a year or two, that it was getting him down. So we talked it over one night after a match, and decided that the team, and especially Eddie, would suffer if we stayed together. It was simple as that."

Not that it was that simple. Sacrificing nearly a quarter-million dollar yearly income isn't so simple. "But," said Jerry, "it was better than sacrificing Eddie."

It's a funny thing how the fortunes of the Graham Brothers did a turnabout after they split up. Before they merged, Jerry was the big man. He had parlayed his hatefulness into a fortune with a succession of team partners; and he didn't suffer when he wrestled solo, either. As a single in 1956, Jerry drew some of the biggest crowds when, with Buddy Rogers, he engaged in one of wrestling's most celebrated feuds. Rogers accused Graham of stealing his stuff—the ermine cape and colorful jackets, the valet and so forth. Graham called Rogers "jealous," a has-been (!), and claimed that it wasn't ermine capes and valets that made a wrestler, but courage and skill.

Bobby Davis, now manager of Buddy Rogers, received his basic training under Grahams. Here he comforts the injured Jerry.

This so incensed Rogers that whenever they met the fans were assured of a fantastic brouhaha that ruptured the very foundations of the arena. Over a period of a couple of years the honors were fairly even, but near the end it appeared that Rogers had Jerry's number. How it would have turned out is anybody's guess; but



Antonino Rocca, who was a bitter rival of the Grahams, jolts Jerry with a perfect drop kick during N.Y. bout in 1959. Rocca called Jerry "A crazy savage."

Jerry could wind up in the weirdest positions, which usually drew roars of laughter from even violent anti-Graham crowds.

Bloody brawl between Rocca (right), teamed with Miguel Perez, vs. Grahams in 1957, caused a major riot in Garden.

by that time the two Grahams had got together and Rogers was headed for the title.

It took the combination of the two Grahams to make Eddie a big name in wrestling. Then, when they un-merged, a strange thing happened. Eddie, by reverting to his basically decent self, found a new popularity. He went down south to conquer new worlds, bought a home in Tampa and before long was one of the most popular wrestlers in America.

As for Jerry, he semed to suffer by the split. He's doing all right, but the old fire generated by two Grahams in the same ring has been banked. He's still a force to be reckoned with among the tough guys, but something is lacking. We didn't discuss it on the boat. It wouldn't have helped.

By now the brothers were ready to dive. First Jerry slipped backward over the side, then Eddie followed him. Through a special glass that I held against the surface, I could follow their progress 20 feet below the surface, as they swam grotesquely—or gracefully, depending on the viewpoint—about on the bottom. After ten minutes, Jerry speared a one barracuda that got too nosey, and they came up. Eddie said he wanted a sandwich. Jerry reached for the bottle of Scotch. "I'm going to make my historic experiment," he said, and down he dove again, although Eddie tried to talk him out of it.

We watched Jerry as he made "history." It was kind of interesting. He'd had a special top put on the bottle so that he could move it aside with his tongue and suck out the scotch. Eddie said, "He'll try anything—that's his trouble. Remember the way he used to get into trouble with that crazy airplane of his?"

I nodded. Jerry had a pilot's license some years ago. Not content with merely flying from arena to arena, he would pull gags en route. Once he flew under the Brooklyn bridge. That earned him a rap from the C.A.A. and the promise of a suspension. But he didn't stop. Once he landed on a forbidden runway at Idlewild, bouncing among a group of big airliners before rolling to a halt. "My radio conked out," he alibied. "I thought it was okay to land there."

They finally took away his airplane. But not his guts, or his wild streak. "I can't explain the guy," Eddie said. He was born a hundred years or so too late. What a pirate he would have made, or a gunfighter in the old west. Next thing, I expect him to go down to Latin America and start a revolution. He'd probably wind up being king of a banana republic, or something!"

Suddenly, the younger Graham sprang to his feet. "Something's wrong down there!" he exclaimed. We looked through the glass.

Jerry was having difficulties, obviously. He was swiming awkwardly about, bumping into heaps of coral and turning around and around like a wounded alligator.

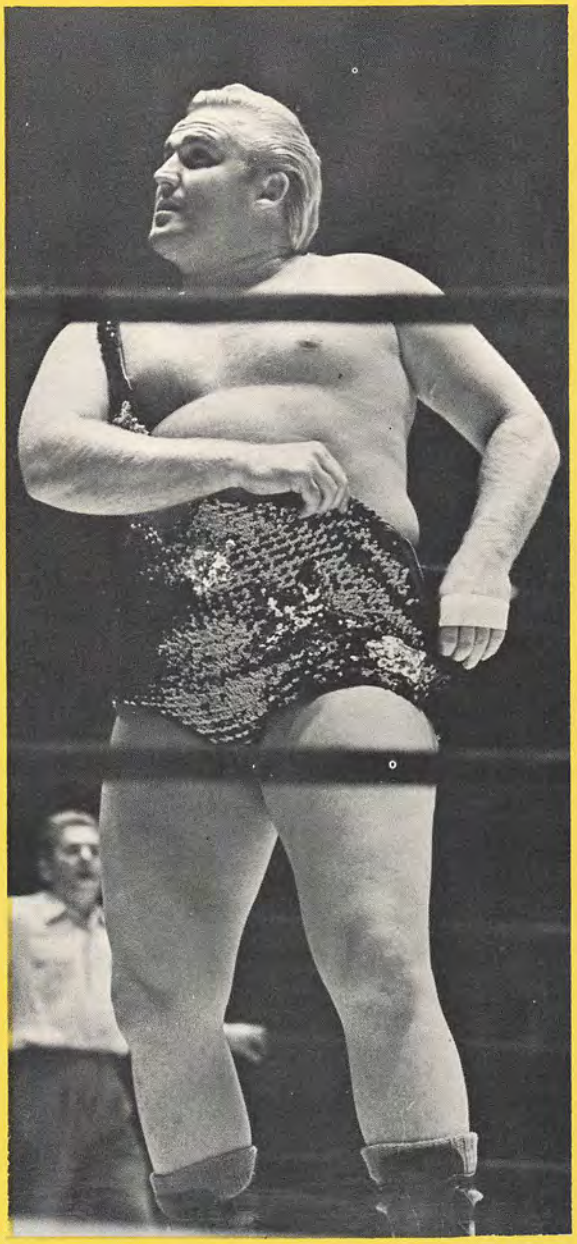
"When you get confused, or ready to black out," muttered Eddie, putting on his air tank and face mask, "you can't tell which way is up. I'll go get him." He back-dived overboard.

A few minutes later a bewildered and red-faced Jerry Graham was hauled aboard the boat. "Jeez," he mumbled, "I only took one lousy drink. Booze never did that to me before. Must have been something I ate."

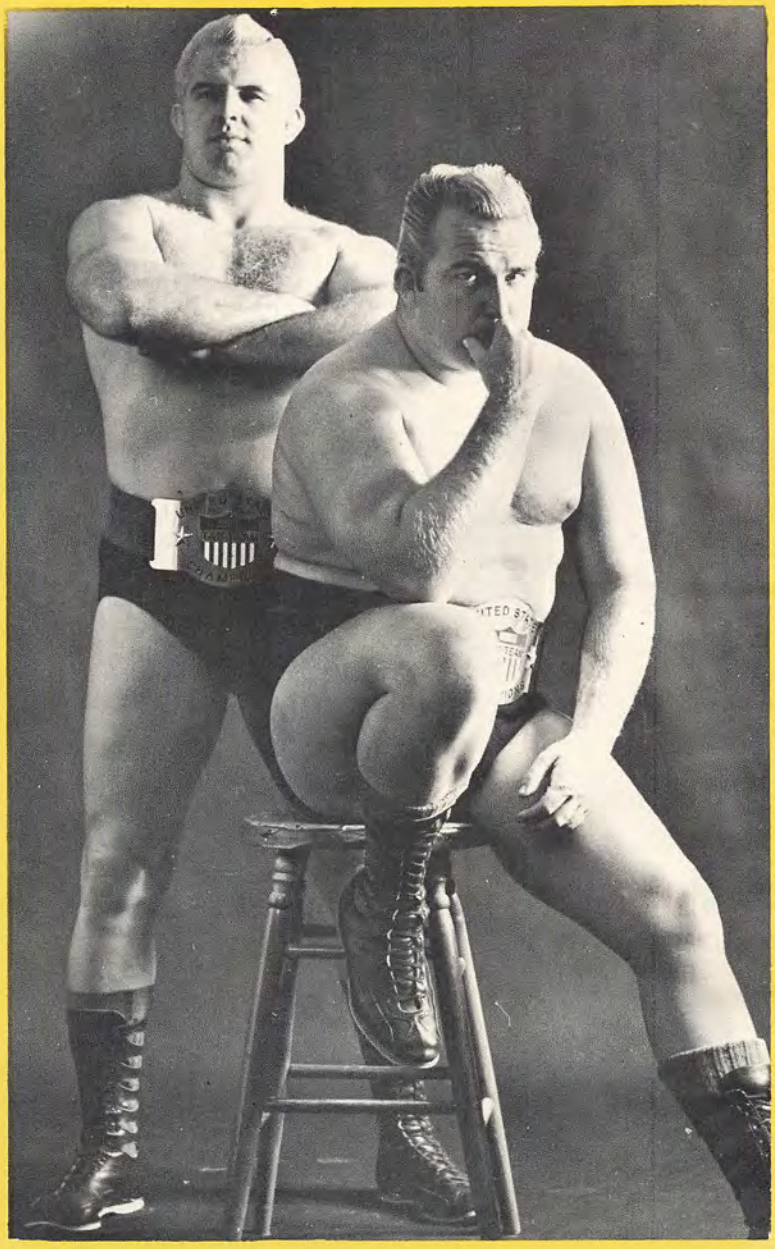
We looked at the bottle of scotch tied to his belt. He might have taken only one drink—but it emptied half the bottle.

"That," remarked Eddie, shoving a sandwich into Jerry's hands, "would have killed anybody else."

The rest of the day went well. As the afternoon drew to a close, we turned homeward. A sober Jerry sat on the stern and watched the wake of the Little Mike. "It's like the years going by," he said seriously. "Close by they're all white



The never-to-be-forgotten Graham strip, where Jerry (above) and Eddie slowly unzipped their leotards.



This portrait of the Graham brothers, taken in Wrestling Revue's New York studio in October 1959, is most famous wrestling photo ever made.

and bubbly. Then they get farther away and pretty soon you can't see them anymore."

Eddie snorted. "Forget the philosophy. You only got a B.A. degree, not a Ph.D."

"What," I asked, "are the chances of you two getting together again—as a team? I think it would be good for both of you." What I really meant was that it would be good for Jerry.

The brothers looked at one another, the length of the boat between them. Then Eddie turned and peered ahead as he guided the Little Mike toward Tampa. Jerry stared back at the receding wake of the boat again. At the passing years. They didn't say anything. They didn't have to. I knew that those of us who remembered them as the greatest tag team in history would have to be satisfied with just our memories.

And even that's a lot—if you remember the Grahams as I do. ●

Today Eddie Graham, shown with wife Lucy aboard his boat, lives in Tampa and is a popular hero-type star in the South.

DORY DIXON

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 11

This Is What Makes Sammy Run

BY BOB VERLIN

CHOMPING ON A BIG BLACK CIGAR that looked like a foot long, promoter Sammy Green barked into the phone:

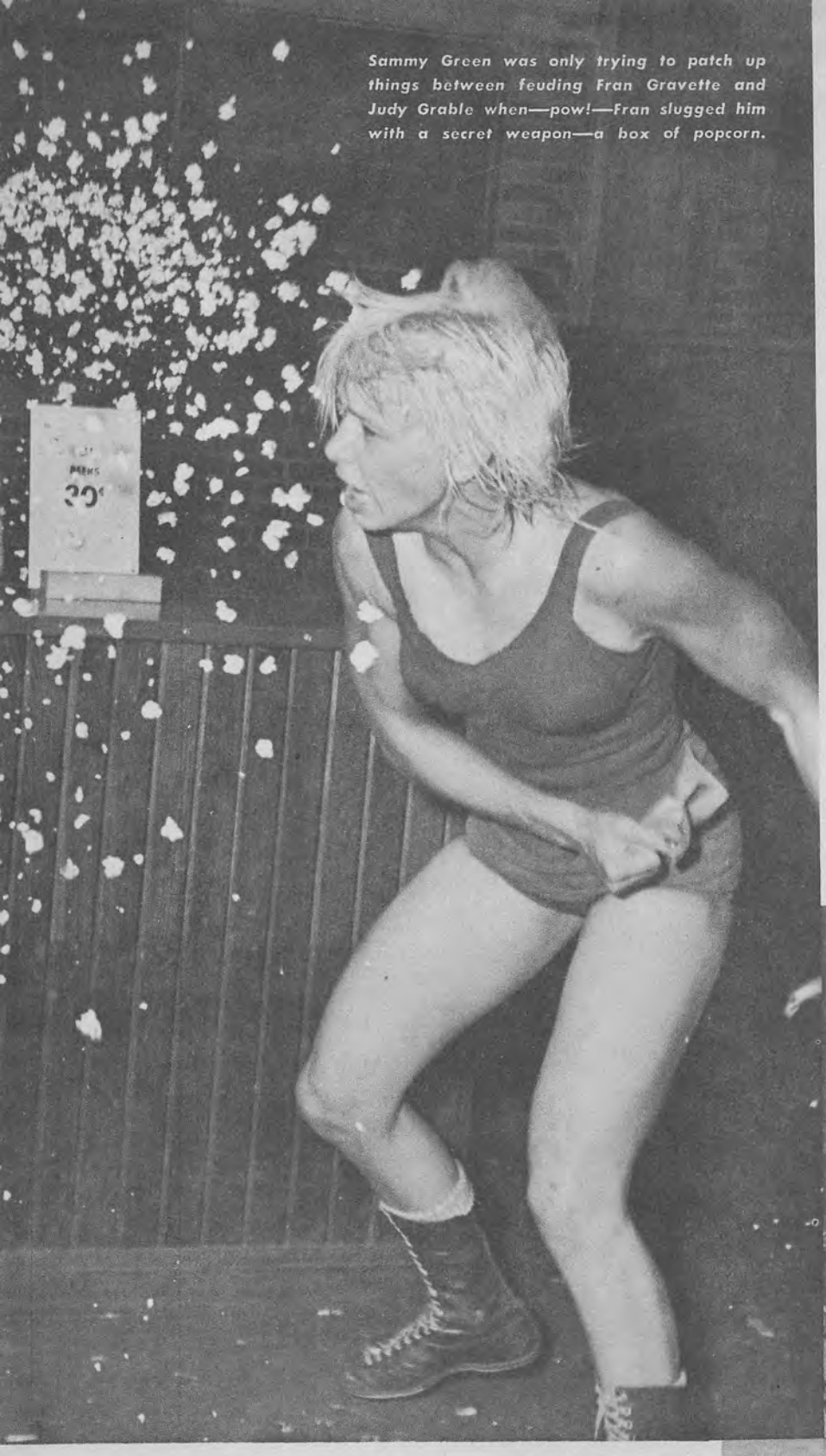
"Yeah, that's what I said – send up 30 buckets of champagne. Sure there's only gonna be 10 people in the party. But I want 'em to bubble real good, see?"

That's just like Sammy – a big man who does things in a big way in a state that has a long-standing tradition for bigness.

Sammy is so big in Brazoria County, Texas, in fact, that he's known as the Mahatma of Southern wrestling. It's: "Yes, Mr. Green, I'll take care of that right away." Or: "Anything you say, Mr. Green."

Nothing obsequious, or anything like that, you understand. But Sammy is the kind of guy who gets respect – even from his wife. And that's no mean feat, as most married guys will tell you.

Sammy Green is a wrestling promoter who, unfortunately, got mixed up with some of his talented attractions



Sammy Green was only trying to patch up things between feuding Fran Gravette and Judy Grable when—pow!—Fran slugged him with a secret weapon—a box of popcorn.

So you could have slugged me with a chair when I saw what happened to Sammy one Saturday night when he tried to be the peacemaker in a fracas that almost turned into a second Battle of the Alamo.

The rumpus started in blonde Judy Grable's dressing room just before her match with Fran Gravette at the Brazoria County Fairgrounds Arena on the outskirts of Angleton.

Fran had heard that Judy had been going around making snide remarks about her. "I'll tear her blonde hair out by the black roots," Judy was supposed to have cracked.

This crowning insult about her crowning glory was too much for Fran who now waggled a finger under Judy's pretty nose and sneered: "By the time I get through with you tonight, you won't even be able to get the cap off your peroxide bottle!"

Both gals were boiling as they strode down the aisle toward the ring. They glared at the customers. They glared at Sammy Green, freezing the benign smile on his face. They glared at the referee – Otto Kuss. . . .

. . . Otto Kuss? But this wasn't Otto. It was the famous wrestler Jerry Kozak. "What are you doing

Sammy looks appealingly at Fran as he slips out of Judy's clutches—but Fran warns him not to interfere in their fight with the referee.

Raging over pre-bout insults, the girls mix it up hot and heavy. That's Fran getting the big heave-ho.

"Here's another one for you!" grunts Judy, catching Fran off guard. Playing it safe in the background is referee Jerry Kozak.

here?" Fran said icily. "Subbing for Otto," Jerry said amiably. Fran grumbled something that sounded like the rumbling of cannon fire.

"Oh, stop your crabbing and pick on somebody your own size — me!" Judy said cuttingly.

Fran did just that. With murder in her eye, she sailed into Judy, flung her to the mat, picked her up again, and dragged her across the ring by the neck.

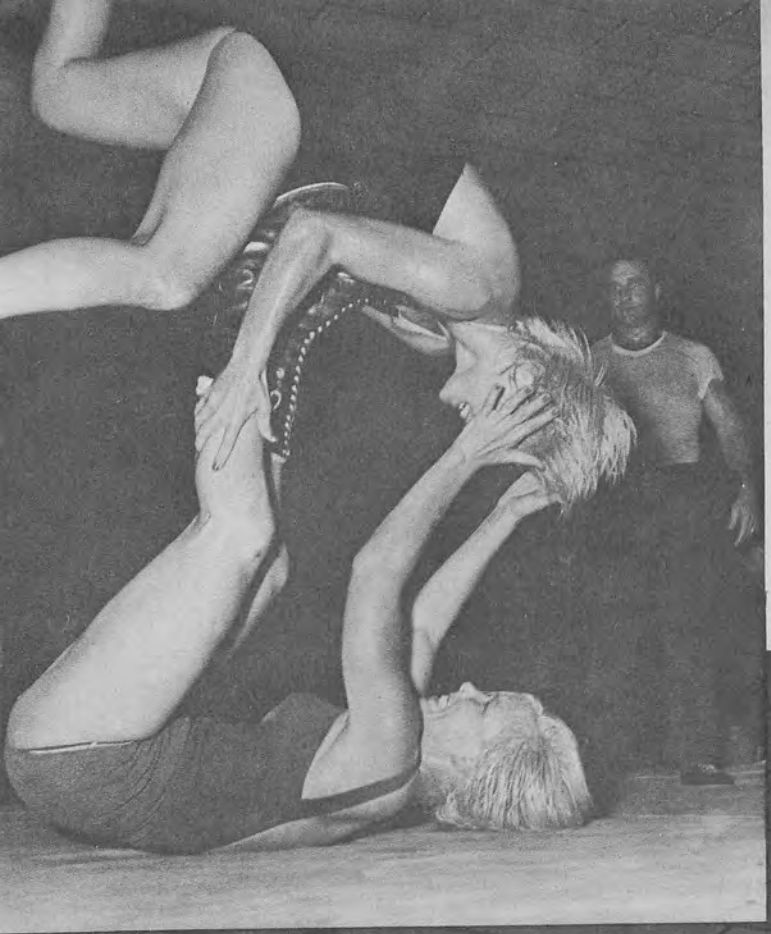
Recovering from this furious assault, Judy started blasting back at her enraged foe, using flying kicks to murderous advantage.

Kozak stepped in several times to warn Fran, which made her still madder. "Get lost, buster," she gritted. "What do you think this is, a tea party?"

When Judy was awarded the fall, Fran really exploded at Kozak. "You call yourself a referee?" she snapped bitterly. "Where'd you get your license — in Sears, Roebuck?"

Blazing with anger, she turned

It's tough to do the twist leaning over backward, but Fran is in no position to argue after getting a stiff chop to the jaw. Look at Judy's face. Is she having fun!



"How would you like a trip to the moon, sweetie?" says Fran, ready to fire Judy off the pad. "Thanks, but I already got a ticket for you," snaps Judy.

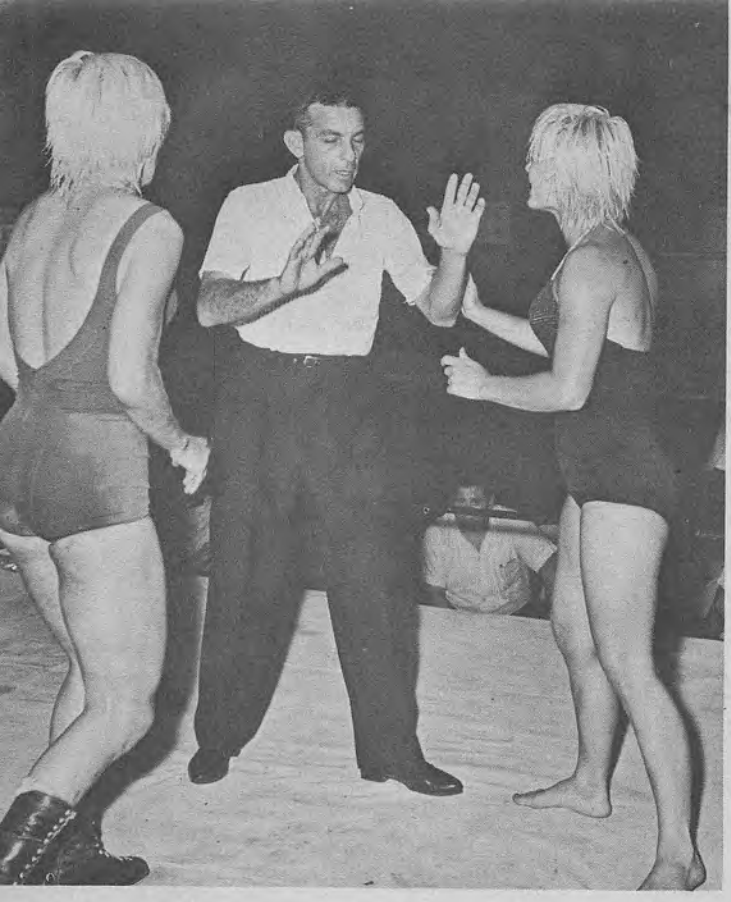
to Sammy Green and demanded that he replace Kozak. Green refused. At this point, Fran leaped from the ring. Kozak followed her.

As the spectators scattered, Fran grabbed a chair and turned on the referee. But Jerry, an old hand at such things, caught it just as she was about to crash it over his head.

They tugged at the chair until Fran, disgusted, finally let go and climbed back into the ring.

The girls went at each other hammer and tongs, but before the match was over, they both teamed

Grable doesn't need a pad to blast off. She shows Gravette how to make a launching without fuel.



"Let's not gang up on the referee," pleads Sammy. The girls agree and promptly move in to gang up on HIM.

up against their common enemy, Kozak.

Sammy Green clambered into the ring in an effort to prevent another outbreak. "Be nice, girls," he said. "Jerry's only trying to do his job . . ."

At this, the girls forgot all about Kozak and concentrated their venom on poor Sammy. Claws out, they advanced on him.

"Now, now girls," said the alarmed Sammy, backtracking slowly. "Let's not . . ."

R-i-p-p! went his shirt.

"Girls . . .!" he screamed.

The cry strangled in his throat as Judy hoisted him up and prepared to throw him out of the ring.

With a frantic wriggle, Green managed to break loose and leaped from the ring.

Hot on his heels, Fran snatched up a big carton of popcorn and smashed it over his head.

With both girls in hot pursuit, Green raced out of his arena, shirttails flapping.

But those big cigars had slowed his legs and he let out a big grunt as the girls knocked the wind out of him with a booming flying tackle.

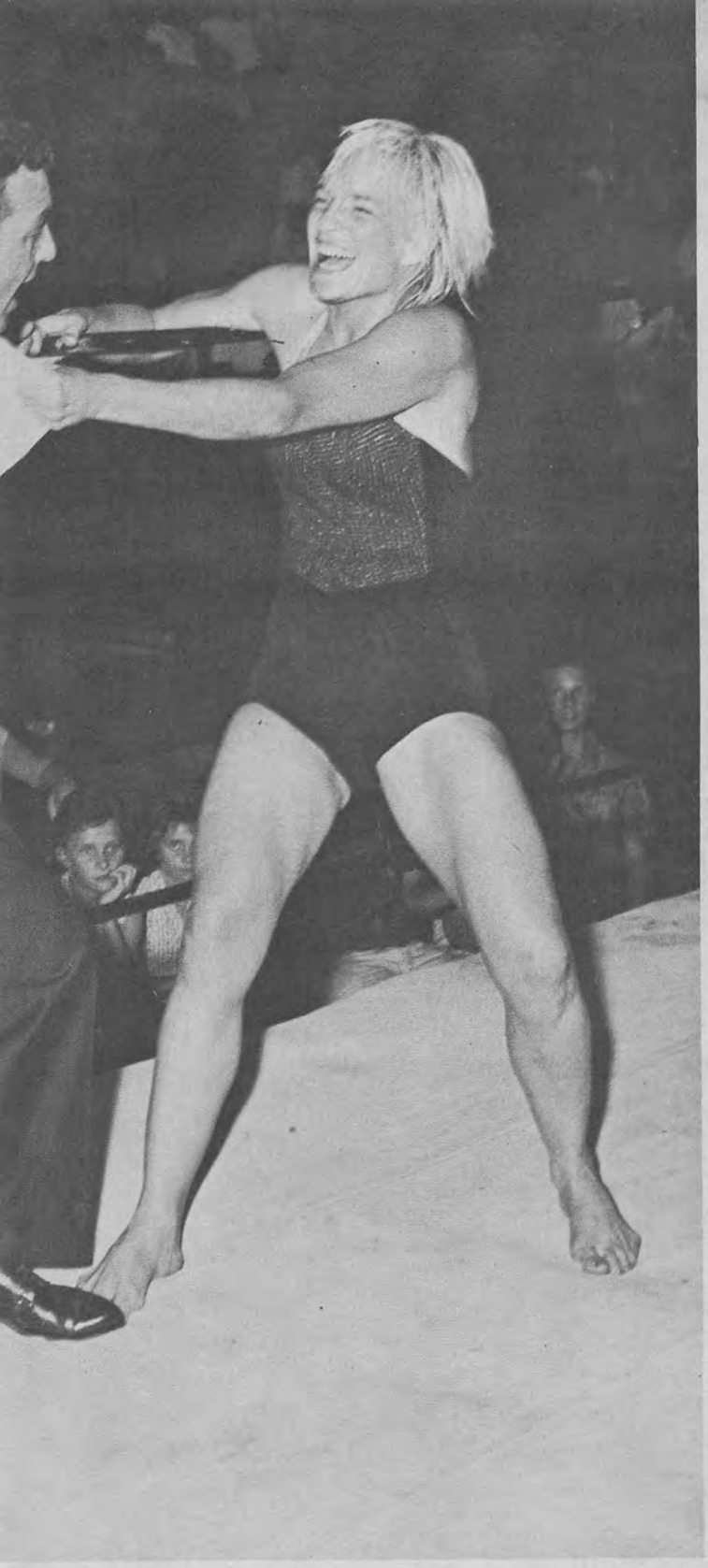
They rolled all over the grass, arms and legs flailing, as Fran and Judy gave Sammy hell.

I could have tried to help Green. But I figured that would only give the girls another victim to "work over." Me!

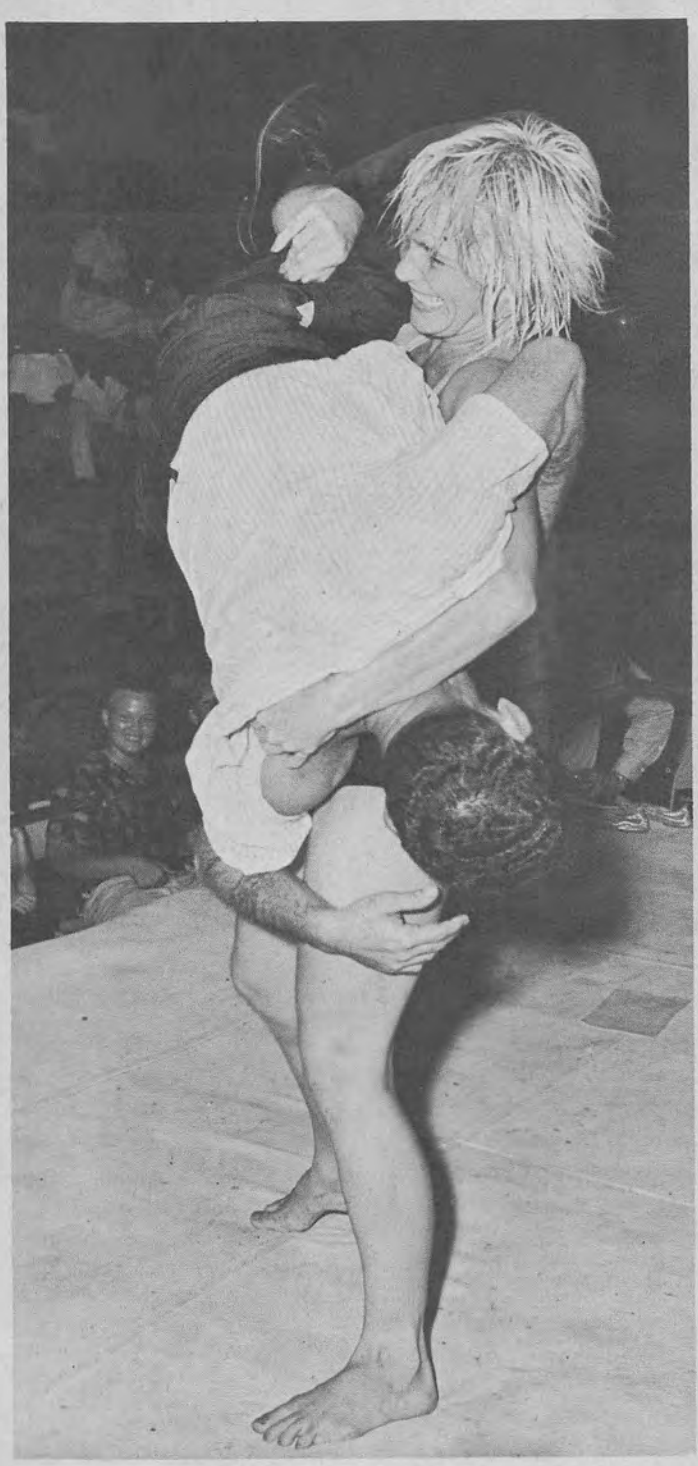
Besides, I was too busy snapping these pictures. And, anyway, I had already had my lumps.

In the melee inside the arena, somebody had stomped on my camera and stuck a glowing cigar in my right eye.

So I was playing it safe and clicking away like crazy when



Left: Sammy is the kind of guy who'll give you the shirt off his back. But this is just a little too much!



"Stick your nose into our fight, will you?" Judy says with a grimace. "Well, I'll show you who's boss around here!"

Cyclops suddenly came hustling onto the scene.

With a yelp, Sammy scrambled behind the mighty Cyclops.

For a second, I thought the girls were going to give it to **him**, too. And they would have, if the Sheriff hadn't arrived just in time.

Sammy, his dignity bruised, dusted off his pants and tried to tuck in his ripped shirt.

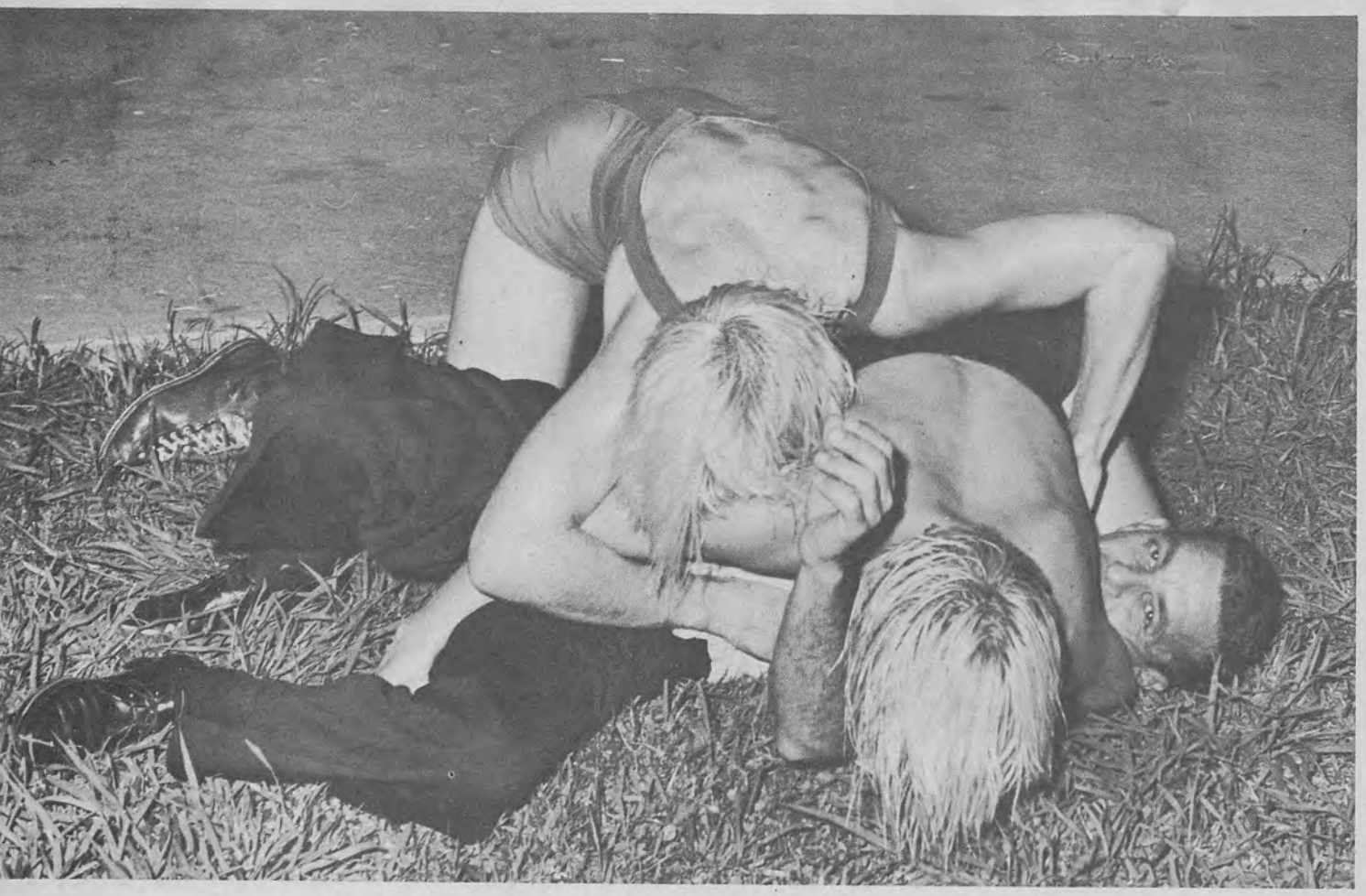
"It's the first time I've ever heard of a promoter being chased out of his own club," he said sadly.

He added: "But I won't press charges . . . the girls just got a little hot over my siding with the referee."

Then, his aplomb returning, Green turned to Cyclops and extended his hand.

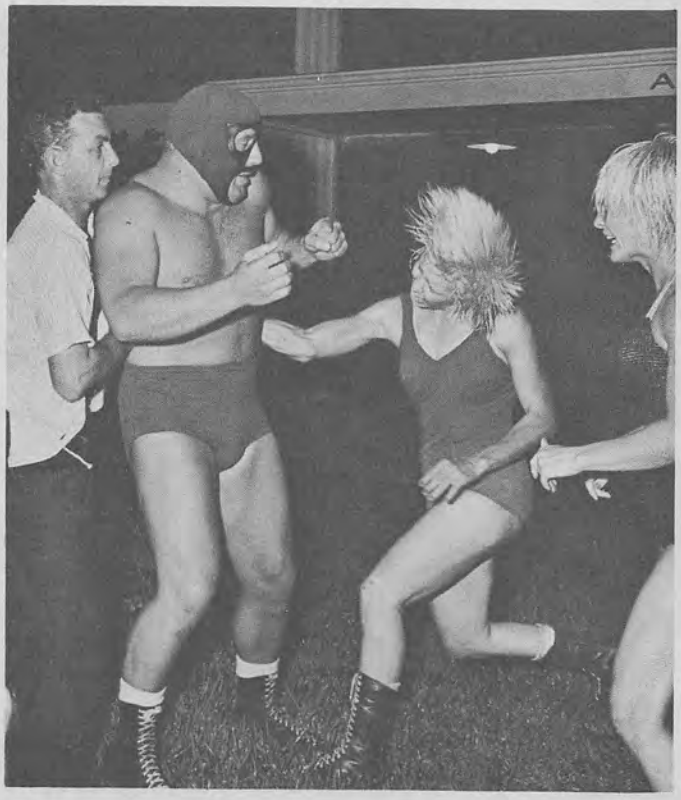
"Thanks, Cyclops," Sammy said. "You saved my neck. By the way, when you get finished tonight, why don't you stop into my office for a little drink . . . I have a nice cold bottle of champagne. . ."

(see next page)



Figuring two heads are better than one, the girls team up to give Sammy the works. They floored him after he fled the arena.

"Lemme outta here!" cries Sammy, hotfooting it out of the arena. But he was no match for the fleet-footed girls.



A quavering Sammy takes refuge behind the mighty Cyclops. This just gives the gals another target to work on.

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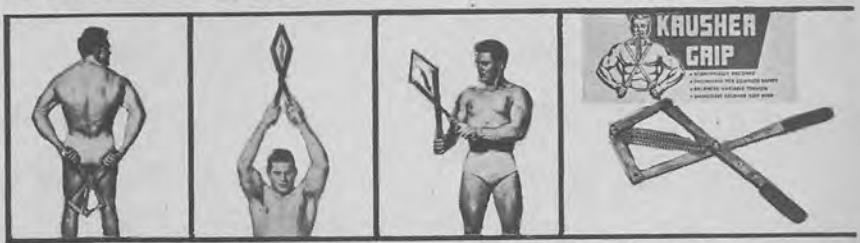

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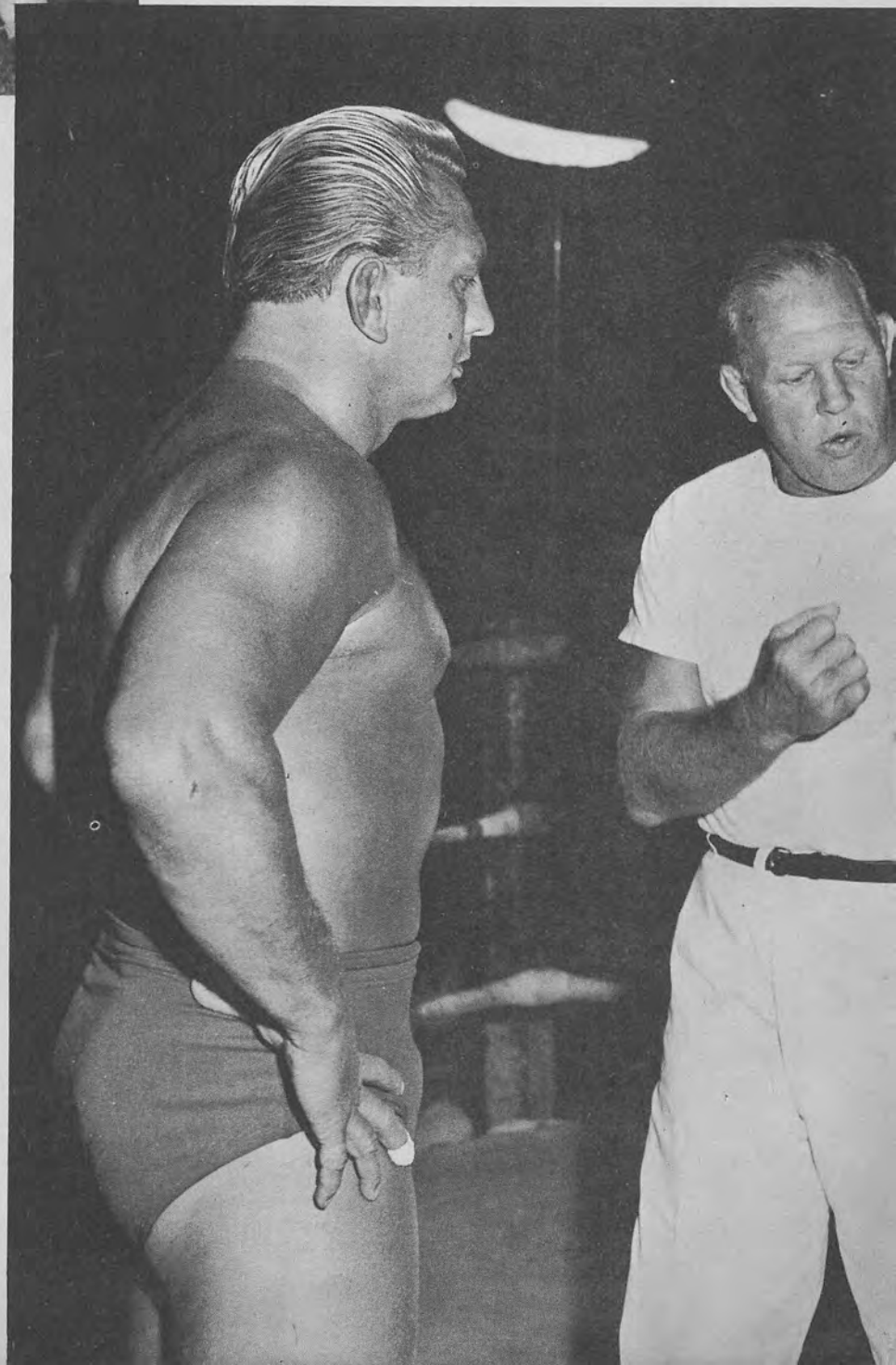
THE SAILOR'S SAD

Unlimbering his big guns, Sailor Thomas sends Buddy Rogers sailing into the air with the greatest of ease.

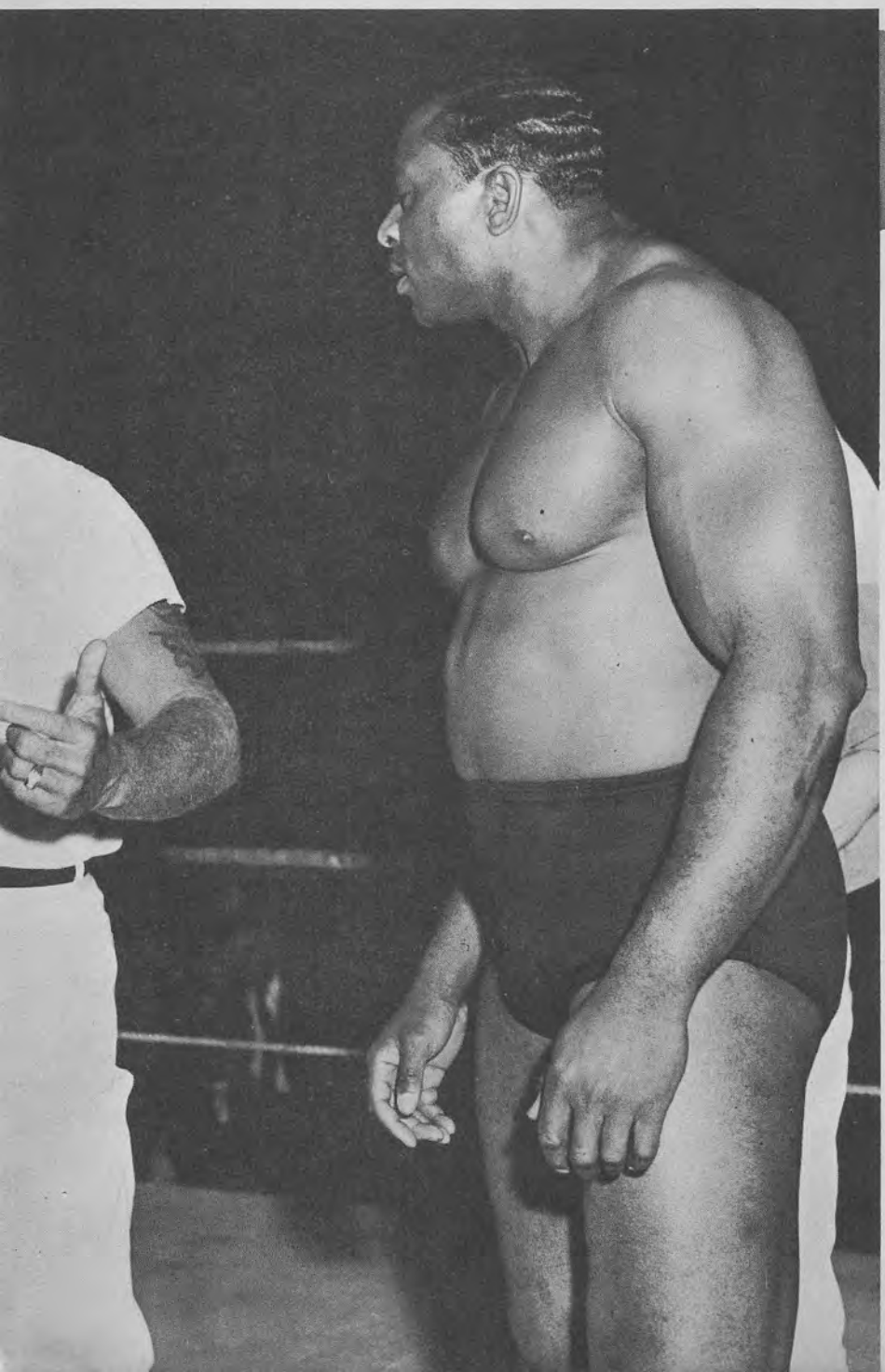
No man ever came closer to winning the title than "Sailor" Art Thomas. But, as he later said, "What's the difference if you lost by a little or a lot? You still lost!"

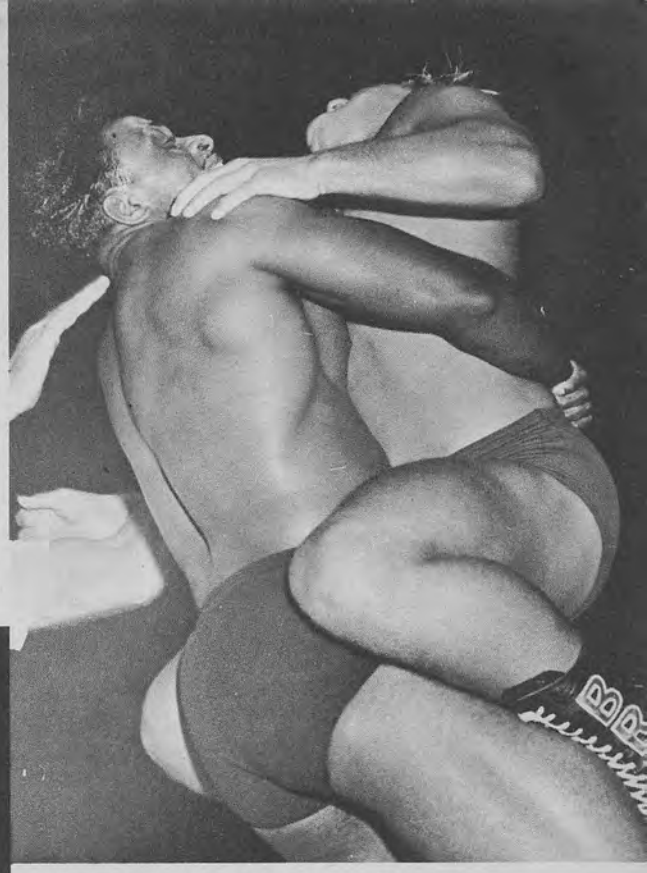


Sailor can hardly wait to get his clutches on Rogers (left) as referee Marvin Jones goes over the rules.

NIGHT OF NESS

BY JAMES LONGSTREET

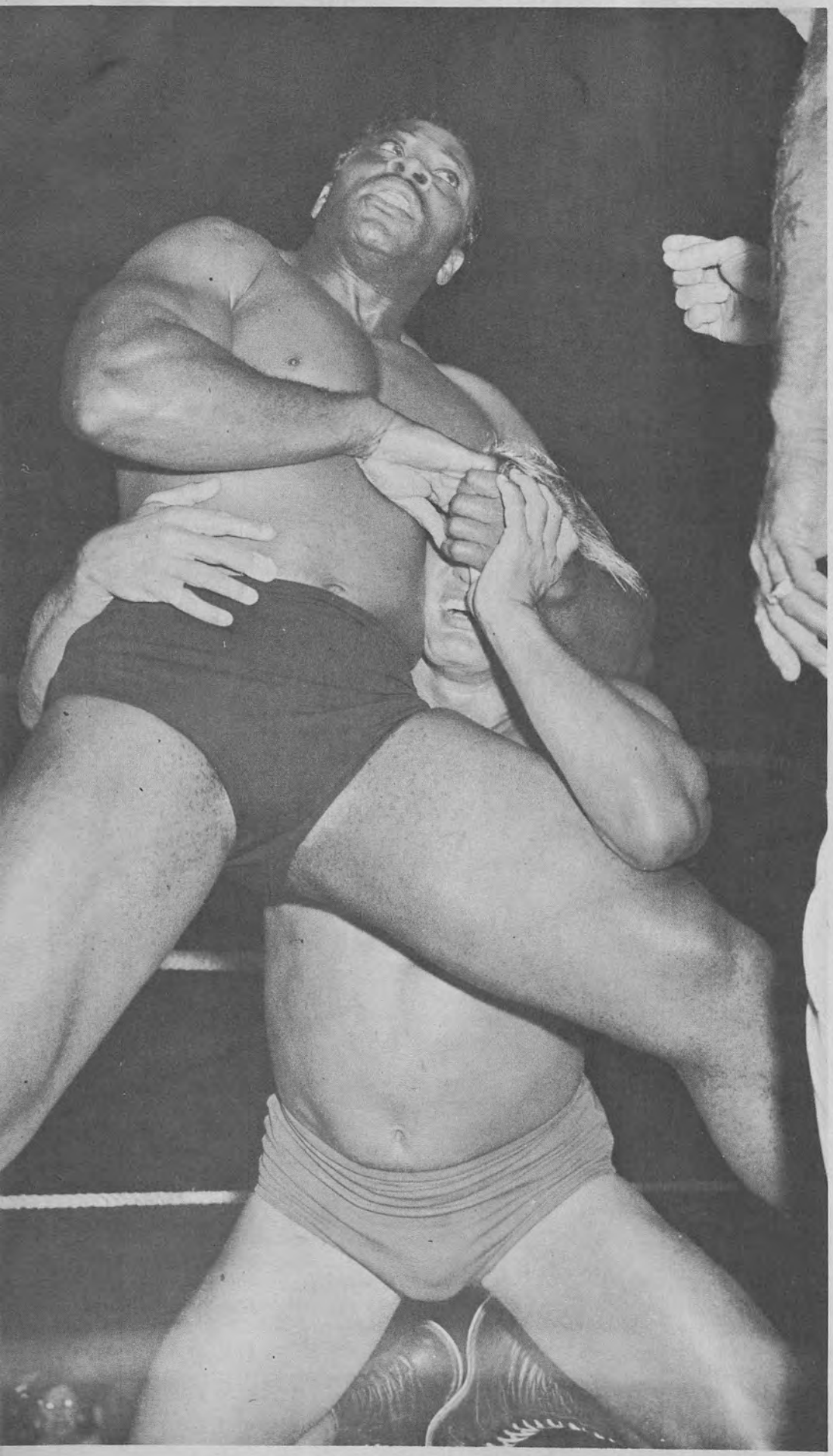




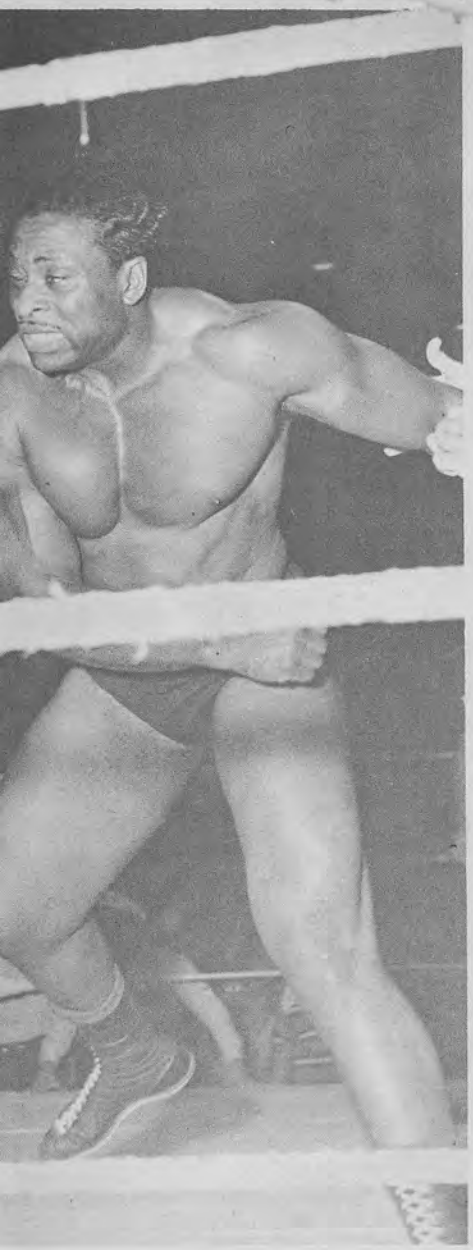
The champ writhes in agony as Thomas clamps on his dreaded "bear-hug". Buddy collapsed, losing the first fall.

THERE'S AN OLD PUZZLER that goes: "What would happen if the Irresistible Force were to meet the Immovable Object?" The answer was handed down recently in Houston, Texas, when World's Heavyweight Champion Buddy Rogers . . . an object of impressive immovability . . . met the irresistible force contained in the mighty muscles of Sailor Art Thomas.

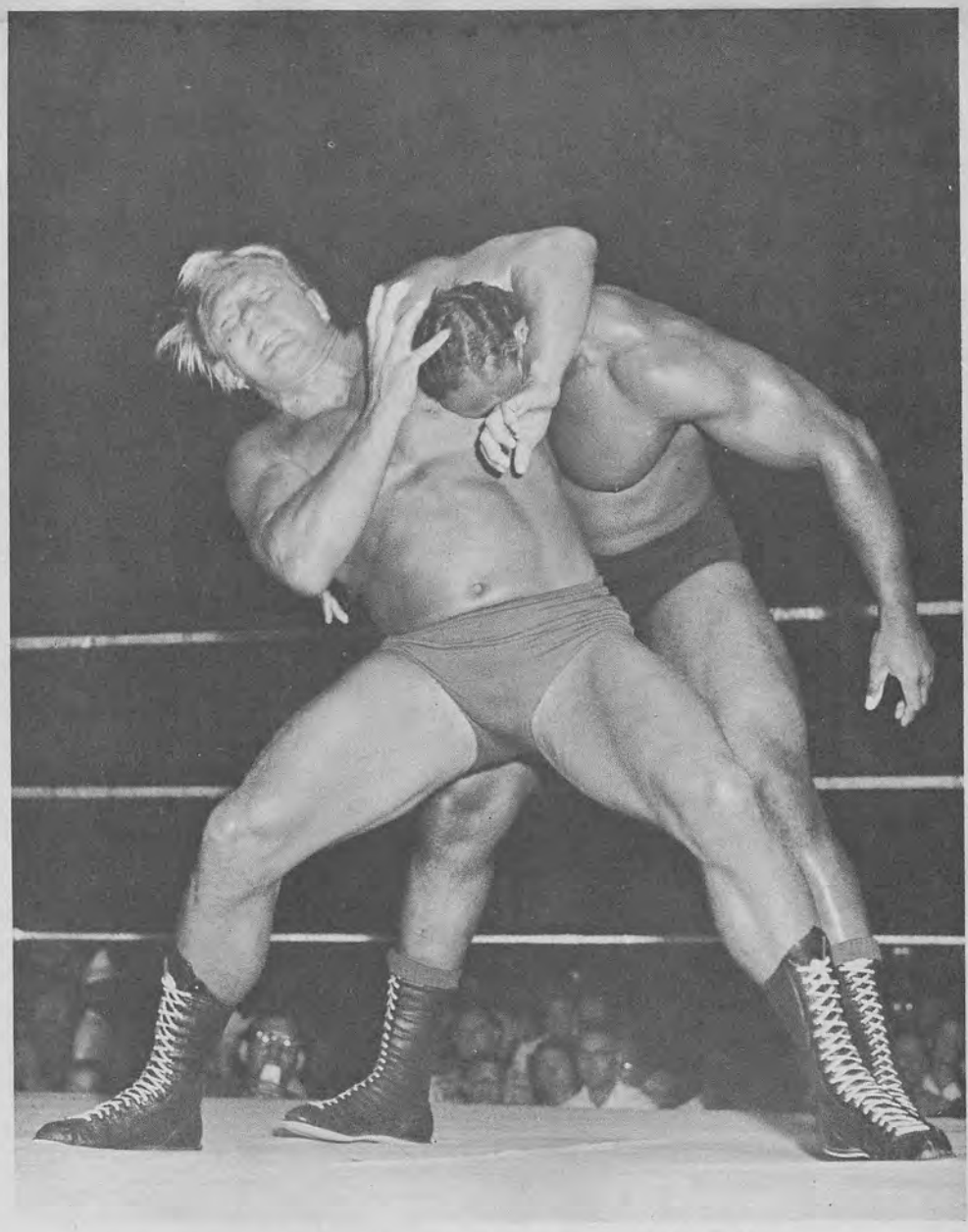
Thomas is possessed of superhuman strength, making normal men appear like midgets by comparison. His massive torso and bulging muscular arms have battered into defeat ninety-eight percent of the opponents who have had the temerity to challenge him. These bunched muscles once lifted a 500-pound anchor off a shipmate pinned by an accident at sea, and they threatened to do a less kindly act in lifting the heavyweight crown from Rogers' bronze-hued brow. *(text continued on page 49)*



Thomas glowers defiance at the referee as he refuses to release the champ from a punishing head-lock in bout that had the fans wild with excitement. Rogers tried the battering ram technique, but it was useless against the mighty Sailor. Thomas bounced him off and then hammered him from pillar to post in a striking demonstration of power.



Art charged into Buddy even before the ring announcer could finish his introduction. Slamming his foe into a post, he opened an ugly gash in Rogers' forehead.



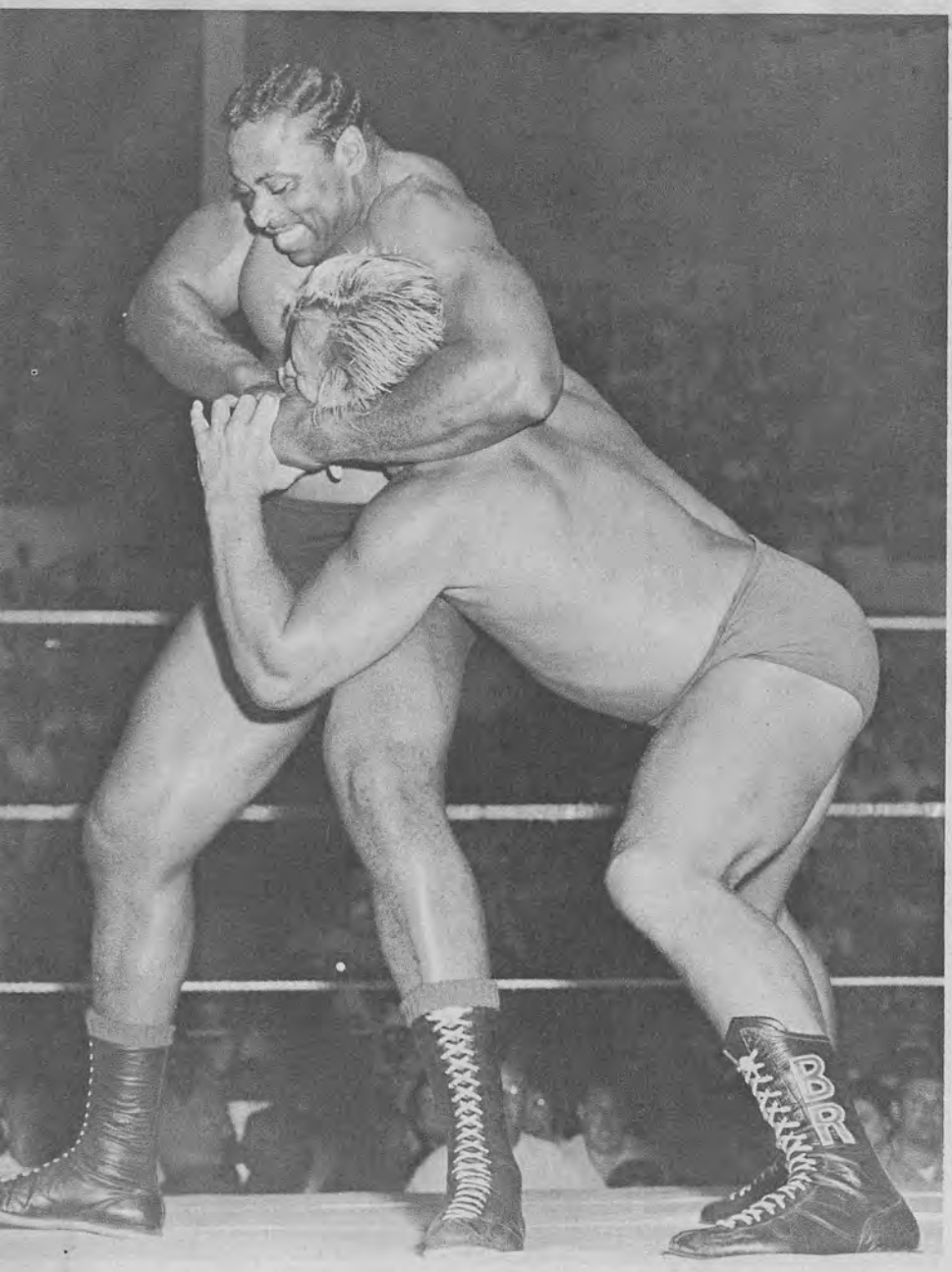
Using every trick in the book—and inventing a few more in his desperation—Rogers strains to bring down the towering Sailor, but he can't budge the "irresistible force." Thomas finally shook off the champ and gave him another severe drubbing.

Buddy, who is usually vocal in his predictions of victory was remarkably close-mouthed about Thomas. The very mention of Art's name has been enough to bring Buddy's blood-pressure to a head of steam ever since Thomas bear-hugged him into humiliating unconsciousness during an off-side fracas a month before.

Thomas had good cause to be confident. He might well have been expected to voice his hopes of waking up THE CHAMP on the morning of July 11, 1962. But . . . silence. Thomas may not like Buddy Rogers; it's difficult to find anyone who does. But, in common with the entire wrestling fraternity, he respects Buddy, and he knows that Rogers is a great wrestler.

The capacity crowd at the Houston Coliseum gave the Sailor a roaring welcome as he vaulted over the top rope. For Buddy, who followed a few moments later, a thundering chorus of disapproving noises. And Buddy, as always, turned his back to the fans and strutted about the ring as if it were **him** they were cheering. Art Thomas stood quietly in his corner eyeing the champion. Referee Marvin Jones quickly gave them their instructions – then, the bell.

(continued on next page)



The champ is down—and out cold!—the victim go when he whiffed the sweet smell of victory.

Enraged by Rogers' bulling tactics, Thomas nearly tears his foe's head off in a bone-crushing grip. Buddy's strength was draining fast. "How much more can he take?" the fans wondered as he kept coming back in a frantic bid to save his crown from toppling.

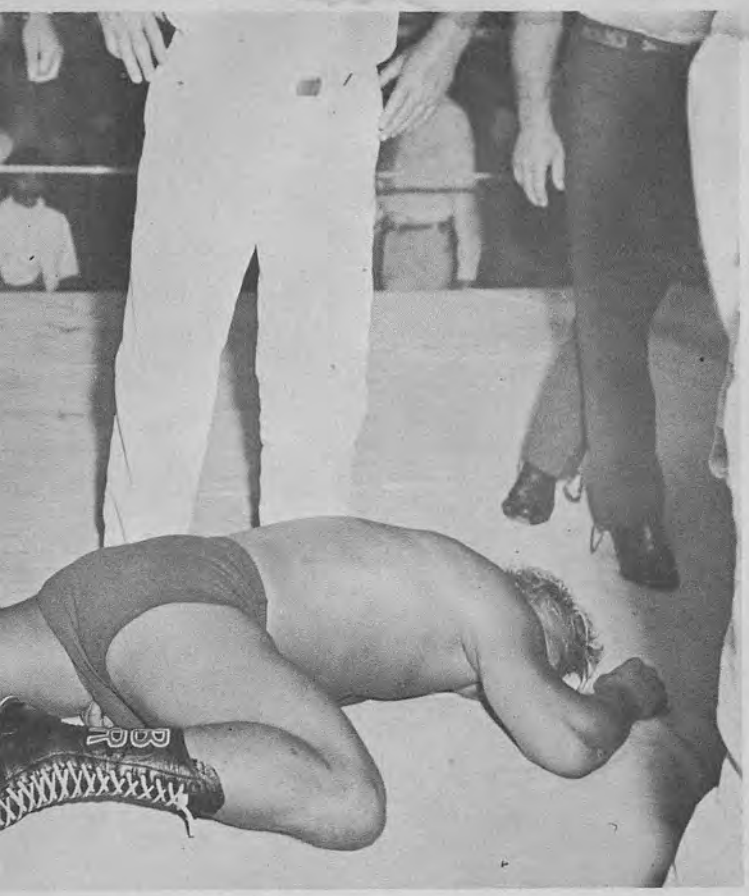
Rogers bounced himself off Thomas's body several times before he came to the realization that the direct approach would get him nowhere. Thomas stood there like a mountain, unshaken and unshakable by the best Rogers had to offer. Buddy tried a spinning leglock, but Thomas shook him off. He tried a leg-trip. Again, no dice. Art held his ground.

All this succeeded in doing was to wear down The Champ. Thomas seized Rogers in a bear-hug that could have crushed the life out of a rhinoceros. Buddy collapsed in helpless surrender, and the first fall went to Thomas.

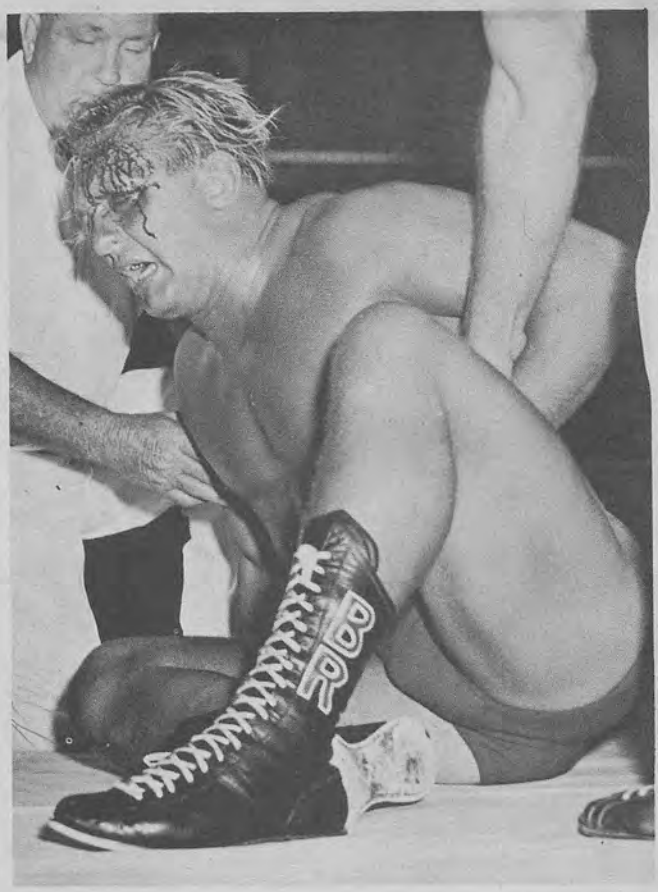
From Thomas's performance in that first fall, it seemed more than likely that Rogers would cede his title. The crowd screamed their approval. Thomas, too, scented blood, and he came out for the second fall with none of the stolidity that he had exhibited so far.

But, to Buddy Rogers, the taste of defeat, even in a single fall, is a bitter pill to swallow. He attacked the massive Negro with a vigor that showed his lust for revenge.

Buddy Rogers knows every trick . . . clean, foul, and anywhere in-between. In the second fall, he tried all of them. It was skulduggery of the first order, laced with skill and seasoned with mayhem. But the Sailor shook him off and battered him around. Buddy bounced against the ring posts like a yo-yo. A gash opened in his forehead, but he didn't seem to notice the flow of blood. The action swelled to a thunderous climax as Thomas again caught Rogers in a vise-like bear-hug. Only, this time, the ring post was caught along with the



of another paralyzing bear-hug by Thomas, who refused to let his frenzied obstinacy cost him the bout on a disqualification.



Rivulets of blood streaming down from his forehead, Rogers tries to get up by himself, but it's too much of an effort.

battered Champion. Those in the crowd who didn't see the post cutting into Buddy's back . . . or who didn't want to see it, were convinced they had a new champion.

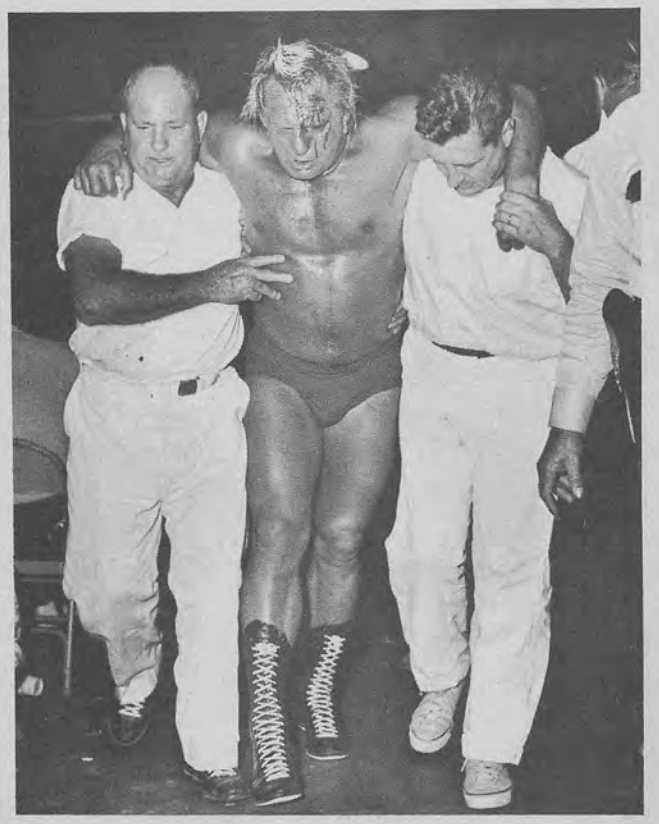
Buddy was hurt. His eyes bugged out, staring through the curtain of blood like peeled onions in a pot of stewed tomatoes.

Referee Jones stepped in to break the hold. But Thomas, now sure of victory, refused to release Rogers. Jones shoved and pried. No use. Thomas had the sweet odor of the championship in his nostrils, and it seemed to paralyze his will. Jones started his count, but Thomas still wouldn't release Rogers.

At the count of three, Jones disqualified Thomas and the fall went to Rogers.

Even-Steven, you think? One fall apiece? Not in Texas. If a man is hurt by an illegal hold – and Buddy Rogers was hurt, indeed – in the second fall, and is unable to carry on the match, he is automatically declared the winner. On this ruling, Rogers retained his crown, although flat on his back in his dressing room when the decision was announced, and a disappointed Art Thomas was left to flex his muscles for another day.

So, we ask you, did the immovable object resist the irresistible force, or vice versa? Maybe the next time Rogers meets Thomas, and Thomas will not sleep peacefully until that day arrives, we'll know. ●

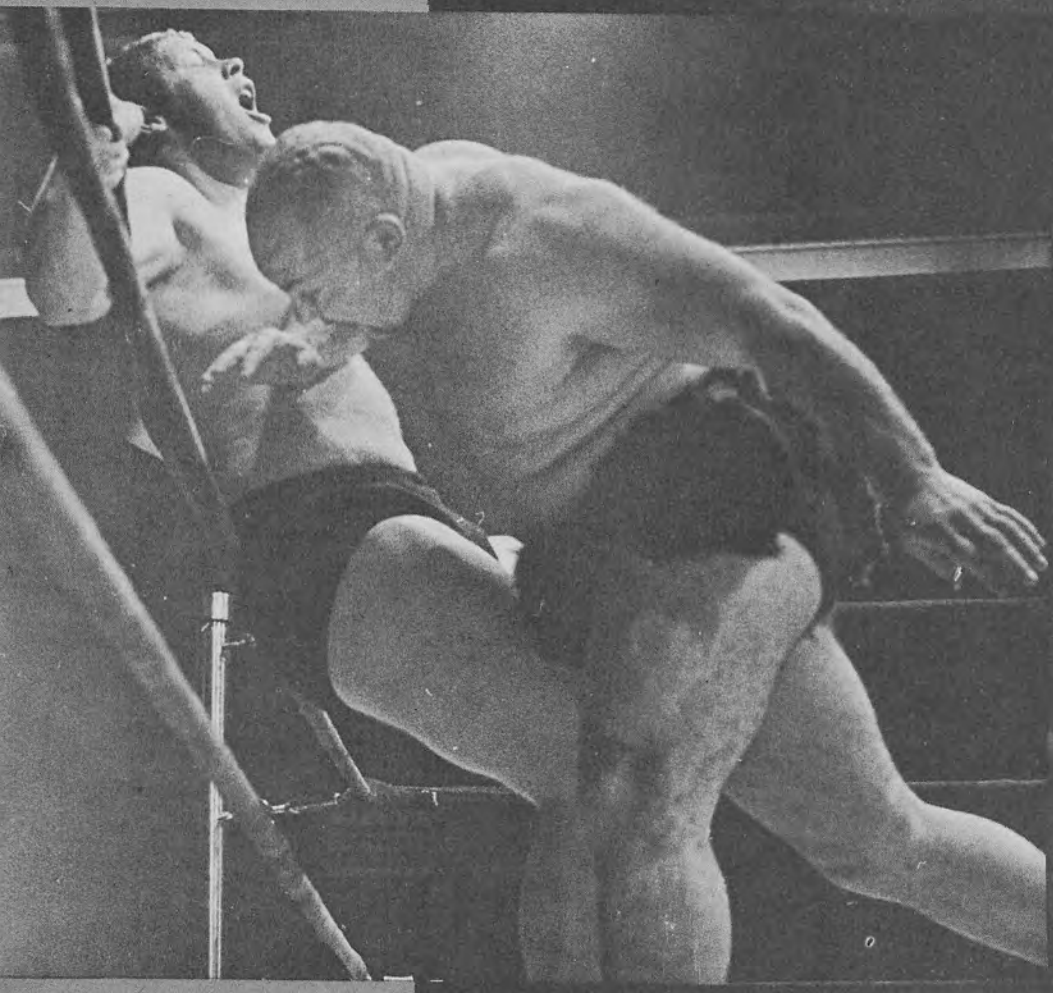


The champ is carried to his dressing room where, flat on his back, he heard the announcer declare him the winner.

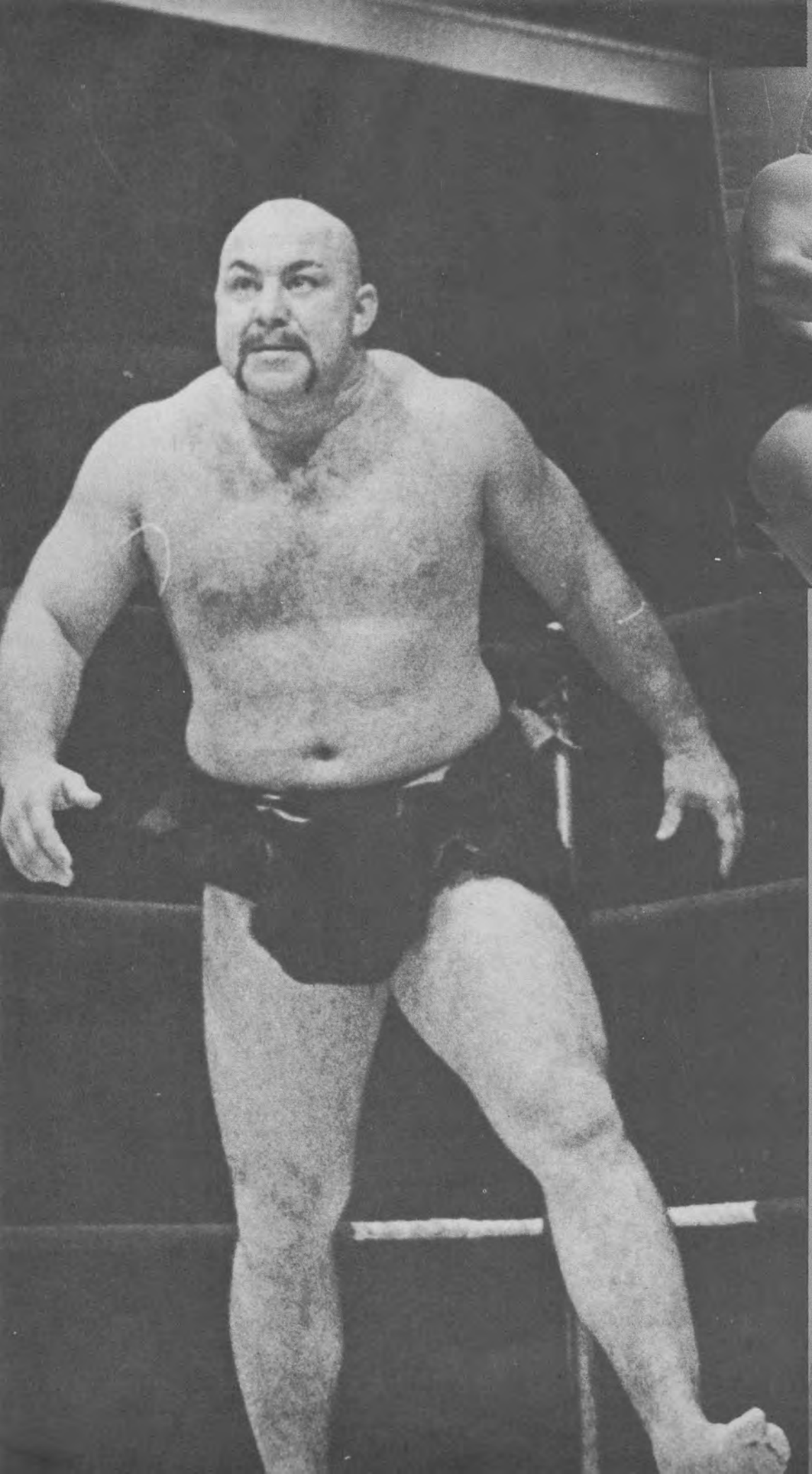
BY BOB SABER

The Mongol

"Man's main purpose in life is to break his enemies in two." So decreed the ferocious Tarter chief Genghis Kahn. Now, one of his descendants, guided by that same ancient creed, is loose in American wrestling rings.



Left:
The Mongol slashes his arm across Tiny Buchanan's body, making Tiny scream in pain. Match took place in Chicago.



The Mongol's great muscles tense as he gets set to whip Buchanan across the ring before pinning him. Bout lasted about 4 minutes.

This is what terrified opponents see when the bell rings: a short, animal-like man who is vastly more powerful than he looks and who snorts continually.

(see next page)

The Mongol points proudly to part of Mongolia from where he comes.

In the gym, The Mongol amazed professional

Practicing headlock on medicine ball, he grimaces as the ball bends out of shape.

Because he sweats far more than the average man, The Mongol must continually halt his workouts to mop brow.

AS THE CREAKING TRAIN PUFFED around the Altai mountains of Outer Mongolia, Nicoli Volkoff wondered if he was on a wild goose chase.

Two days before, while touring Russia, Volkoff had been approached by a Lama monk who told him of an incredibly powerful man who lived in the remote hamlet of Altan-Dulak.

Volkoff, a wrestling impresario forever on the lookout for new talent, listened eagerly. What he heard about the Asian savage whetted his curiosity.

The train wheezed to a stop and deposited Volkoff on a tiny platform in the middle of nowhere. A freezing wind whipped down the barren steppes, chilling him to the bone. Volkoff started to regret making the trip when a village elder hurried to greet him. After Volkoff explained his mission, the villager gave him directions and said with a grin, "You see! No Lie!"

Volkoff borrowed a horse and headed up the rocky slopes toward Altan-Dulak. Looming in the distance was Burkhan-Kaldun, which the natives called the "Mountain of Power." Seven centuries before, the Tartar chieftain Genghis Khan hal climbed the very same path, seeking divine ap-

strongman by easily lifting heavy weights.

The Mongol goes for early morning run in Chicago suburb with trainer.

proval to lead his Mongol hordes.

The few shabby huts in the village were empty, so Volkoff pushed on. Finally, on the crest of a ridge, he spotted an ape-like figure crouched on a ledge. He hurriedly reined his horse.

Consumed with curiosity, Volkoff waited to see what would happen. The savage was poised over a cave and soon the object of his interest emerged — a huge mountain sheep with tremendous horns.

Cautiously, the sheep sniffed the cold air and Volkoff could see twin jets of breath streaming from his nostrils. Then it scented man and turned to flee. But with a guttural cry, the savage leaped on its back and grabbed the razor-sharp horns.

The panicked animal tried to throw him but the Asian wrestled the beast down in a swirl of dust. Then, with a mighty wrench, he snapped its neck, slung the carcass over his shoulders and loped barefooted back to his hut.

Volkoff followed at a distance, admiring the man's strength.

The Mongol was stripping the hide in front of his hut when Volkoff rode up. "I have come from a faraway place called America," he said in broken Mongolian. "I must talk to you."

The savage ignored him. He was too busy gutting the sheep. He placed the carcass on a roasting spit and waited. When it was done, he ripped off a leg and wolfed it down. The tangy smell of meat made Volkoff hungry, but he dared not interfere with the man's dinner. Finally, there was nothing left but a heap of bones.

Volkoff momentarily forgot his hunger in an effort to convince the Tartar he should go to America, where he would make many rubles wrestling giants as powerful as he. The Mongol was insulted. Nobody could match *him,* he roared. Rolling his "r's" like thunder on the mountain, he grunted:

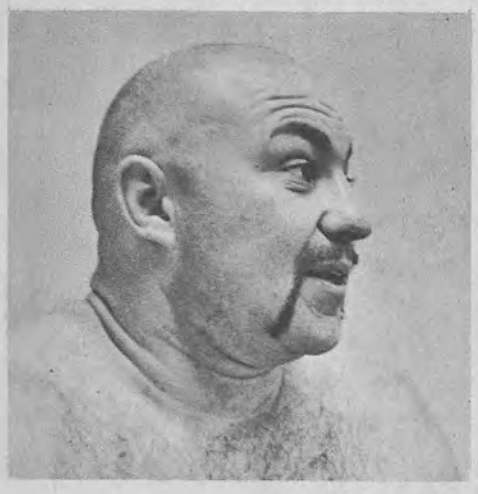
"I am born from loins of Blue Wolf, like the great Khan himself. Great Khan say man's purpose is to kill enemy and take his horse and wife. Take me to your giants! I break them in half—like sheep!"

One week later, Volkoff flew his untamed protege to a small American Midwestern town for his first professional wrestling match. John Kace realized The Mongol's potential and quickly signed on as his American business manager.

"This is nice place, America. The ladies are too skinny and the meat is too salty."

Volkoff and Kace hoped to hide the 230-pound Mongol in a hotel to escape the curiosity seekers. They succeeded—but not before one farmer, transfixed by the sight of the strange man, barreled his pick-up truck through a drug-store window.

The Mongol had an equally disastrous effect on a bellhop. "I go into his suite," the wild-eyed bellhop said later, "and this gorilla picks me up and swings me over his head with one hand." He shook his head. "My nerves're shot. Gimme a drink!"



"Who is this one you call Buddy Rogers. I break him like a loaf of bread."

After his usual 15 hours of sleep, punctuated by great snores that rattled the windows, The Mongol was ready for his debut. The fans in the small arena were only half awake after the plodding preliminaries. But when the Mongol lumbered down the aisle they snapped to attention.

"Who's this?" one fan whispered in awe.

"Never mind *who* he is . . . *what* is it?" said another.

Fortified by a whole side of mutton which he gobbled up with cheese, millet and a copious draft of Airak, a kind of Mongolian whisky laced with mare's milk, the 5'9" Mongol bounded into the ring. He blinked curiously at the bright klieg lights. Then he stalked back and forth, glaring at the fans. They stared back, like witnesses at a hanging.

"I miss my homeland. I want to return soon."

Finally, his opponent strutted into the ring, and the referee brought them together for instructions, which Volkoff translated as best he could for his discovery.

At the gong, Volkoff reached through the ropes and tapped the Asian on the leg as a sign to begin. The Tartar's trunks, made from the skin of a bear he had strangled in Mongolia, flapped ominously as he moved out, swinging his thick, ape-like arms. (*continued on page* 68)

"I like to fly in great bird. But the noise hurts my ears."

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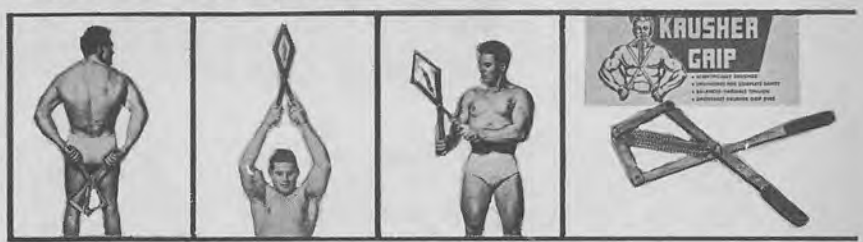

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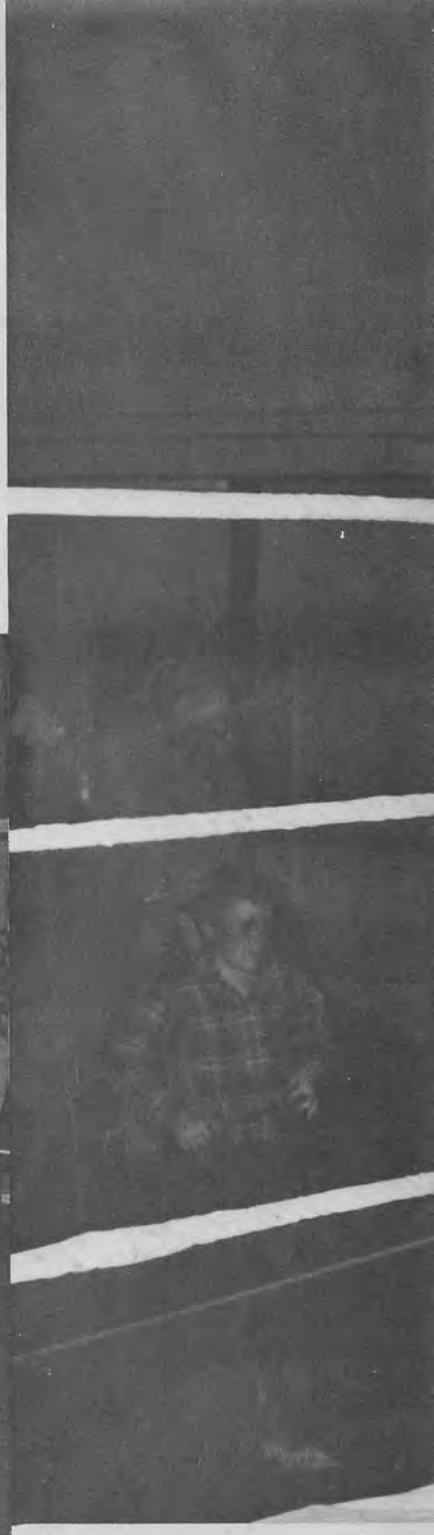
BY ROBERT J. THORNTON

Make way for Danny

Already the Junior Heavyweight Champion, fabulous Danny Hodge has his heart set on one objective; to be the first man in history to hold both the Junior and Heavyweight titles simultaneously.

Hodge is greeted by Monroe, La. promoter Mr. Fox upon arrival at arena for recent match.

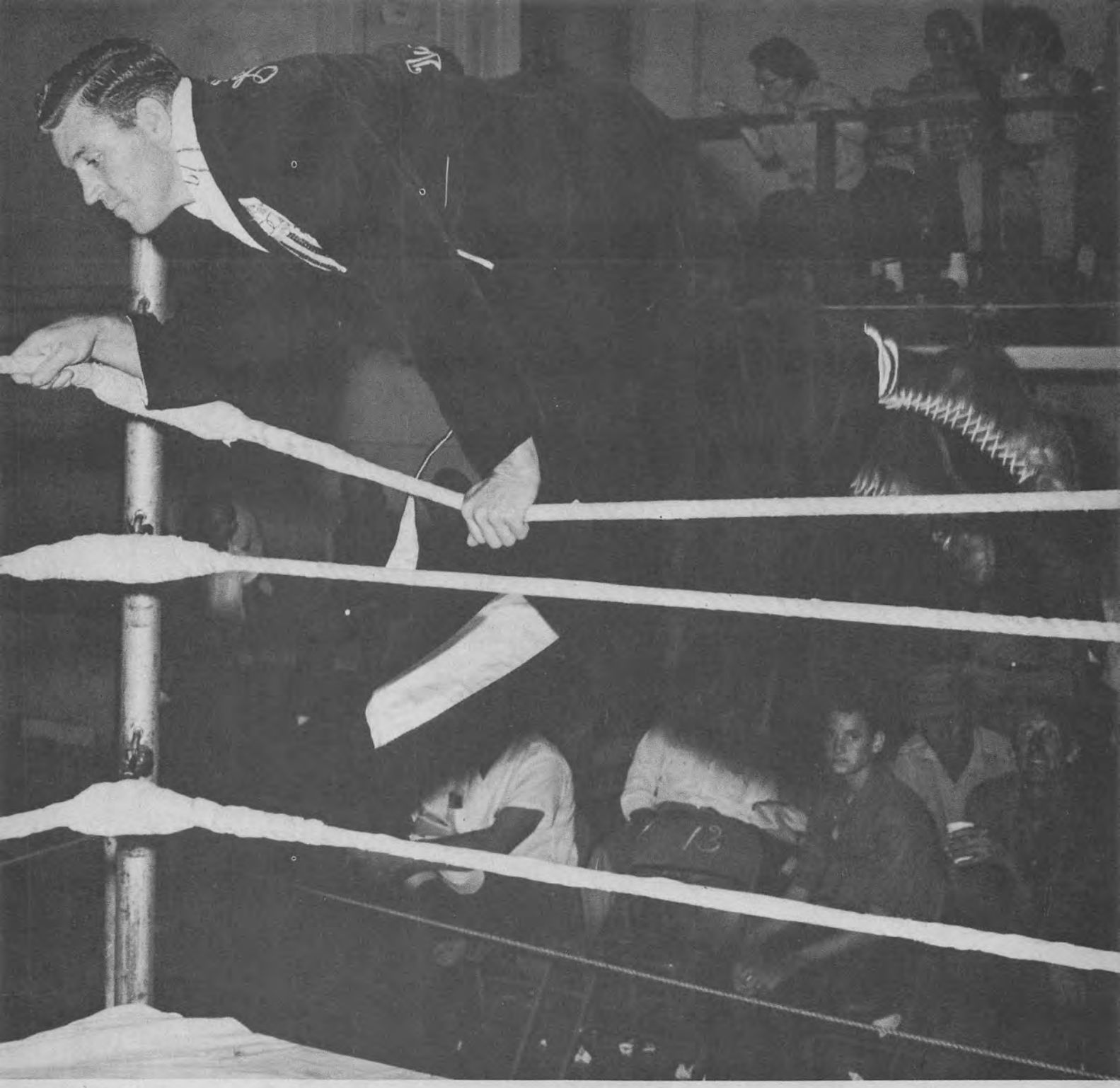
Monroe fans give Danny a roaring welcome as he bounds over top rope into ring (photo at right).



TO LOOK AT DAN HODGE, you'd never suspect him of being a wrestler — least of all, a top one. The tall (6'2"), lantern-jawed grappler has the quiet, solemn manner of a preacher and dresses to fit the role. Even more deceptive is his spare, angular, smooth-muscled frame, which seems curiously out of place in a sport which abounds with bulging bruisers.

But when Danny Boy whips off his dark blue robe and leaps at his opponent, the only picture that sticks in your mind is that of a lean, hungry tiger on the loose. With his two deadly holds—the Oklahoma Roll and the Knee Lift — Hodge has crashed his way to the world junior heavyweight title, and is now rampaging for the heavyweight crown.

Those who know him best — and they include such famed veterans as LeRoy McGuirk and Ed "Strangler" Lewis — are confident that Dan can realize his biggest ambition: to hold both the junior and heavyweight diadems at the same time. "This boy," says the Strangler, "is so strong he can do anything he sets his mind on." McGuirk agrees: "I've never seen anybody like him."



The moment Danny appears in sight, crowd starts to cheer enthusiastically. He is easily the most popular wrestler in the Southland.

Is Dan Hodge that good? Can he run roughshod over the mighty muscle men who bestride his path, and become the first man in history to wear both crowns at once? Many experts predict it's only a matter of time before he rules the heavyweight roost. "And when he does," one observer remarked with conviction, "he'll hang onto it longer than Lou Thesz did."

Mention of the ex-champ's name brings up an ironic incident. It was Thesz who tried to interest Dan into turning pro after the University of Oklahoma wonder boy had beaten everybody in the collegiate ranks and had won berths on the 1952 and 1956 Olympic teams.

"Not for me," said Dan politely. He wanted to emulate John Devine, his wrestling coach at the high school in his native town of Perry, Okla.

Thesz could tell championship quality when he saw it. And he saw plenty of it in Hodge. Recently, Lou had occasion to back up his original estimate of the 30-year-old sensation. He did it in a most unusual way: by taking a beating! Now, granted, that's an odd way to prove a point. But it's exactly what happened. Recently, Lou wrest-

Hodge removes his junior heavyweight championship belt after being introduced to crowd.

The Great Matsuda strains to bring Danny down, but Hodge carries him around with ease.

Hodge gets set to whip Matsuda across ring and into corner post.

tled Dan in Chilhowee Park Amphitheater in Knoxville, Tenn., and lost by a disqualification.

With Hodge, winning titles is an old habit. He was a skinny, 13-year-old cotton-pickin' farm boy when coach John Devine saw him flatten a bully on the high school grounds.

"M-m-m," said Devine, poking Dan's scrawny ribs with fatherly concern. "Don't know how you beat that tough kid. You look like a good wind could blow you over."

Devine took an immediate shine to the sharp-faced youngster. He learned that Dan had been living a rugged existence, kicking around from relative to relative.

One day, he called Dan over. "Got a job for you down at the gas station," he said. "And I've worked out a deal for you to sleep at the fire house."

Dan showed his gratitude by winning the state school wrestling championship and then going on to capture the regional tournament three years in a row.

By the time he got to Oklahoma U., he was a hard-bellied, slope-shouldered, 177-pound package of dynamite. He promptly set to work toppling the best college stars in the country.

Rex Peery, coaching the University of Pittsburgh mat team, caught several flashes of the Oklahoman in action and summed him up in these words: "He's too good for college boys."

Dan's teammate, George White, agreed. White, who was supplanted as Oklahoma's first string 177-pounder when Dan came along, sampled a bit of Hodge's dynamite in practice sessions. "He's a strong man," he commented, rubbing his bruises. "Strong as maybe three men, in fact."

Working under coach Port Robertson, Hodge astounded collegiate circles by capturing every amateur title on the books. In winning 41 straight matches, Dan set a record that was even more astonishing because it included 32 pins, the last 19 of them in succession (A pin is a rarity in college wrestling).

In his quiet, methodical way, Hodge added more icing to his cake by holding three national titles in one year — 1956. These were the NCAA (collegiate) and two AAU championships (standard and Greco-Roman forms).

As if these laurels weren't enough, the unbeaten collegian copped the NCAA crown in 1957 for the third year in a row — an incredible feat in itself — and was hailed as America's greatest amateur wrestler.

With this background, where else could he go but up? Dan mulled over his future after getting his B.A. in industrial arts in 1957 and flabbergasted everybody by deciding against a professional mat career.

Oh, he liked wrestling well enough. But he was a married man now, having just tied the knot with his high school sweetheart, Dolores, and he had to think about getting a steady job until he could land a teaching position.

(*continued on page* 62)

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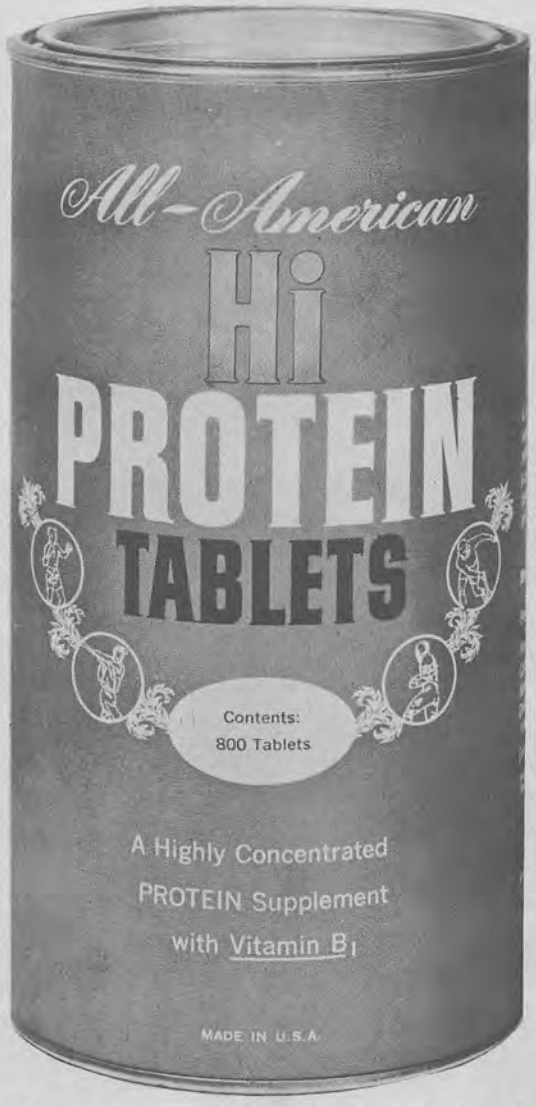

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He got one, as a $500-a-month oil salesman. But it was a "package deal" which included a boxing career. It must have taken some doing to change Dan's plans. But, then, Art Freeman is a mighty persuasive man.

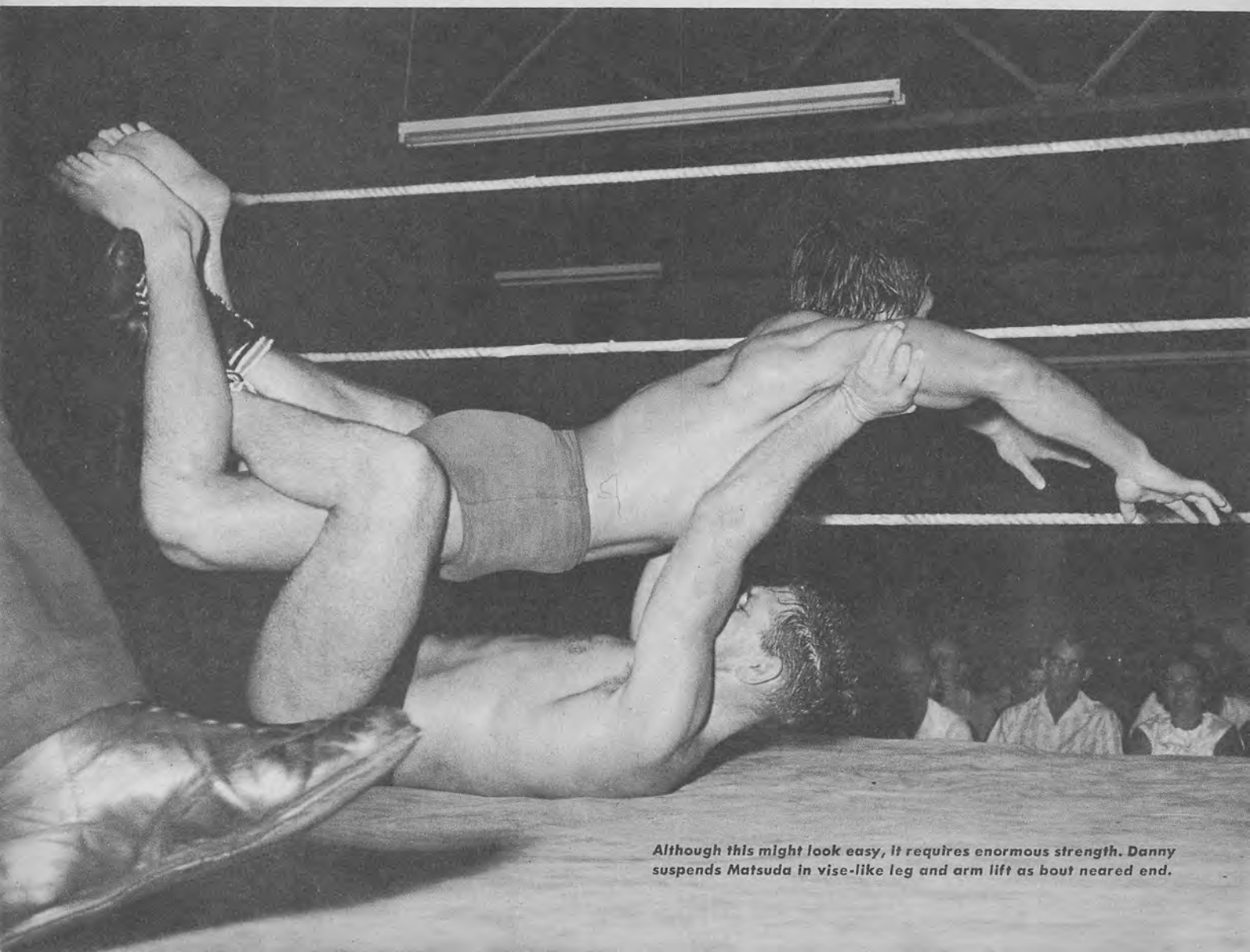
It was Art, a former Oklahoma U. wrestler-boxer, now an independent oil operator in Wichita, Kansas, who swung the deal. "We'll start you off in the amateurs and the $500 will keep you going until you hit it big as a pro fighter," he told Dan.

Hodge was apprehensive when he made his boxing debut in Convention Hall, a grimy brick building in Hutchinson, Kansas, against a 208-pound Negro laborer reputed to have fought 65 times as an "amateur."

He needn't have been. Dan decked his foe, one Raymond Scott, so many times that ringside reporters lost count. A flurry of blows finally dropped Scott for good at 1:35 of the second round.

Dan's wife, who had shared his apprehension, was jubilant. "If I'd known it was going to be this simple,'" she burbled, "I would never have worried for a minute."

Hodge (bottom) tries for pin as he ties Matsuda into helpless knot and rolls him on his shoulders. But Jap star broke free.



Although this might look easy, it requires enormous strength. Danny suspends Matsuda in vise-like leg and arm lift as bout neared end.

Matsuda, an excellent wrestler in his own right, flips Hodge with body roll.

Matsuda fools Hodge by sweeping him off his feet when Danny rushed him.

Danny, who admits that he still has a lot to learn about wrestling's finer points, is again floored by Matsuda.

After pinning The Great Matsuda, Danny is embarrassed as pretty fan kisses him.

If Dan were a drinking man, he would have celebrated. But this church-going athlete is a teatotaler as well as a non-smoker and he did the next best thing — he went on to win the Kansas amateur heavyweight title with three straight K.O.'s.

He then captured the National Golden Gloves heavyweight crown in Madison Square Garden in March of 1958, coming up from the floor to flatten 212-pound Fred Hood of Washington, D.C., in two rounds. It was his 12th K.O. in 17 consecutive wins.

Art Freeman now figured his boy was ready for a taste of pro money — and away they went, accompanied by "adviser" George Gainford, manager of Ray Robinson, trainer Charley Goldman and Sugar Ray Robinson himself.

Hodge took on Norm Jackson in Scranton, Pa., on June 10, 1958, and polished him off in 1:12 of the first round. Except for one loss, which he soon rectified, Danny riddled seven more foes, including Garvin Sawyer, a prominent heavyweight.

But Danny, a man of great rectitude, was fast becoming disillusioned with the fight game and he wisely stepped out after the Cuban bomber, Nino Valdes, stopped him in eight rounds.

It was a peculiar bout. Dan still doesn't know what happened. "When Valdes knocked me down," he says, "they told me to go to my corner and then they stopped the fight although I wasn't hurt at all."

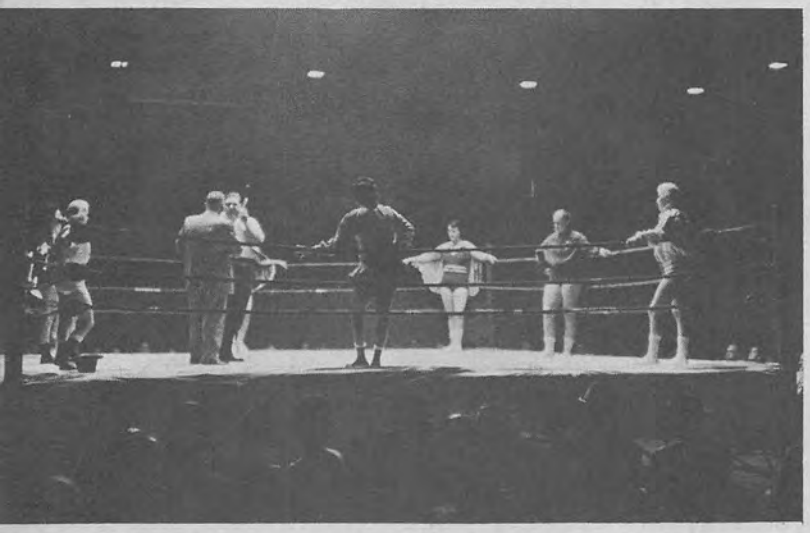
Some two years ago, the Oklahoma strong man returned to his first love, wrestling. Since then, he has fought more than 300 times and has been doing phenomenally well in the money department —so much so that he is expected to rake in about $80,00 this year!

(*continued on page* 68)

The winner and still champion, Hodge proudly displays his belt to cheering crowd.

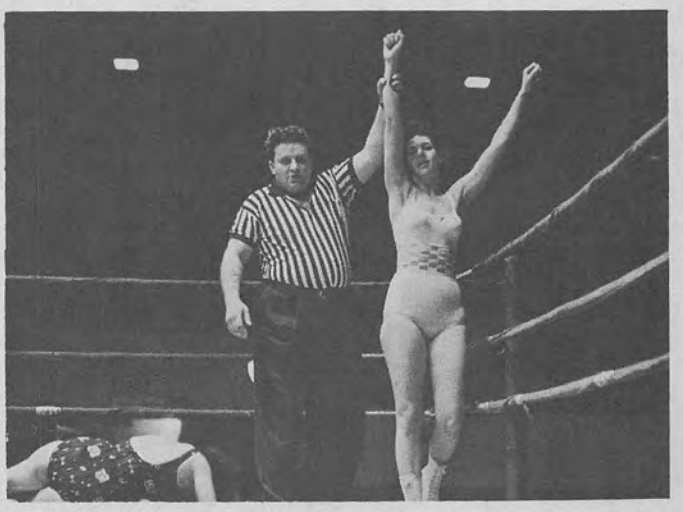
(continued from page 19)

LOLA LaRAY BEATS MARY REYNOLDS



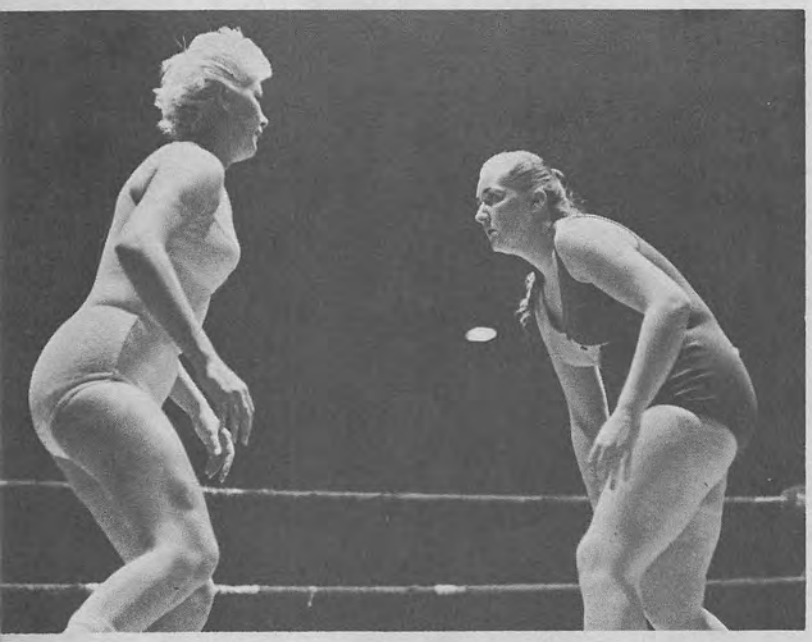
Eight girls appear in ring before start of the unprecedented tournament as Billy Wolfe explains various matches to crowd.

Mary Reynolds gets her head between Lola LaRay's powerful legs and, taking advantage of situation, Lola yanks her hair.



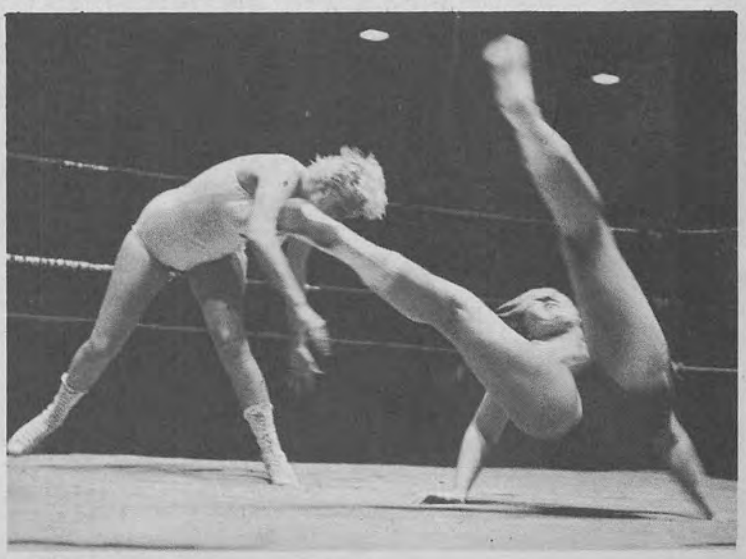
LaRay is declared the winner of first bout in lightweight competition as her victim, Mary Reynolds, rolls in agony.

ELAINE ELLIS BEATS MARY HILLIS



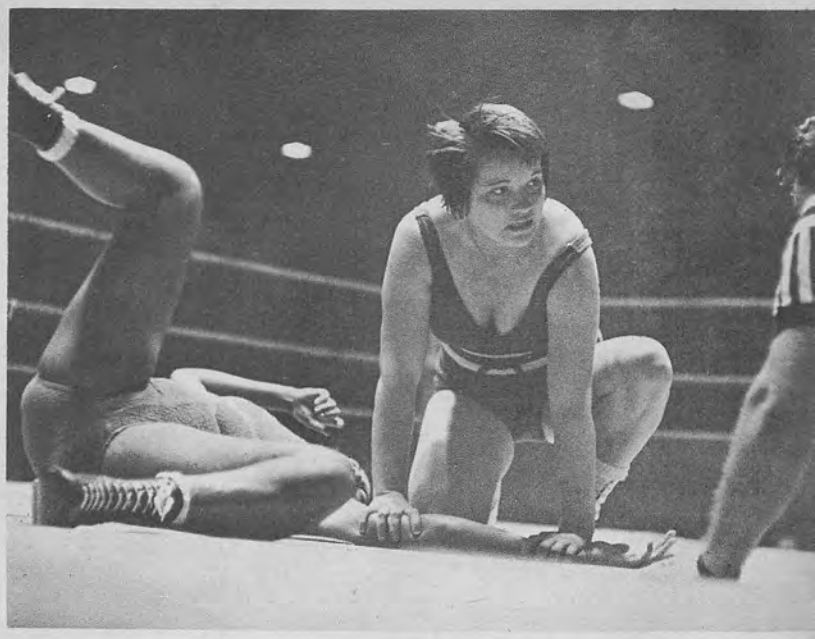
Elaine Ellis (left) and Mary Hillis square off in first bout of heavyweight competition. Ellis was the favorite to win.

Ellis, a very powerful girl, easily sends the heavier Hillis spinning across the ring and down to defeat after 5 minutes.



BEVERLY LONG DEFEATS FUZZY ROBINSON

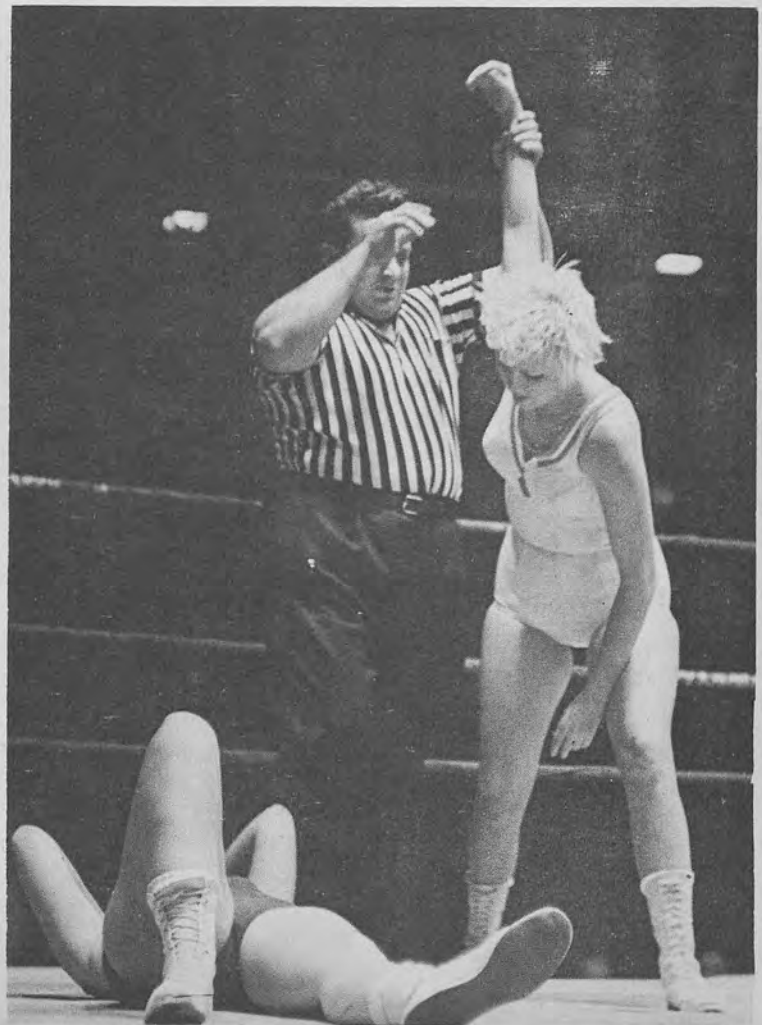
One of the most promising young girls on the card was hefty, 19-year old Beverly Long, who has Fuzzy Robinson in headlock.



Beverly holds Robinson's arm out its full length while she promises referee Joe Fields that she will not jump on it. She broke her promise, but she won the match anyway.

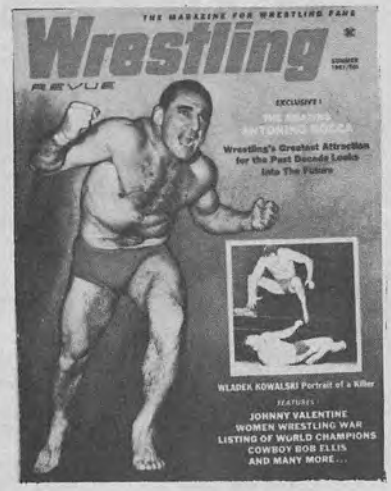
ELAINE ELLIS BEATS BEVERLY LONG

With remarkable display of strength, Long manages to get to her feet despite pressure applied on her arm by Robinson.



In final bout of heavyweight tournament, Elaine Ellis beat Beverly Long and won the right to meet June Byers for title.

Collector's Item



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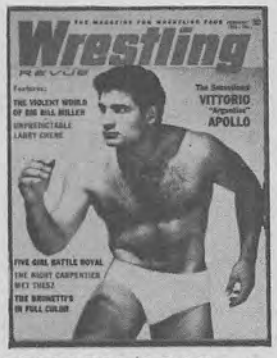

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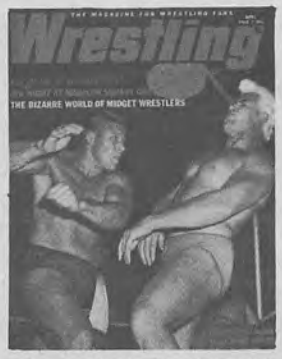

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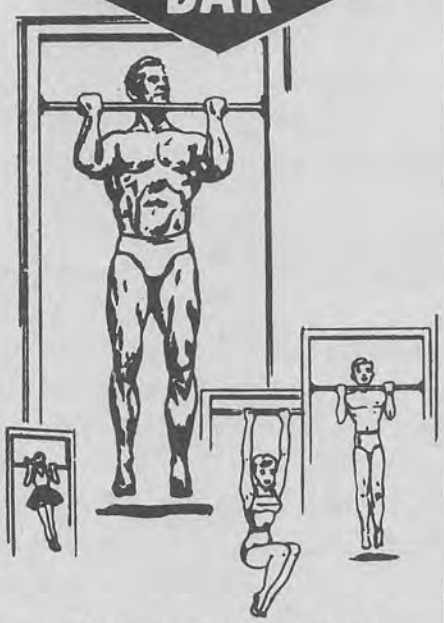

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MONGOL

(*continued from page* 56)

With amazing speed, The Mongol suddenly battered his foe to the floor, then leaped on him. The dazed victim squirmed away just in time to avoid a murderous head chop. "This guy's no wrestler," he thought to himself. "He's a gorilla." Bounding to his corner, he barked at his handler: "Pass me a stool."

Unimpressed, The Mongol kept coming. When the stool came crashing down on his bald dome, he merely blinked, brushed away the splinters, and continued to bore in.

His opponent was aghast. This man was not only a gorilla—he was a lunatic, too! He whirled and attempted to flee.

But The Mongol was too fast. Flooring his man as he would a sheep, he clamped on a headlock and started to squeeze. It took two ring attendants, the referee and Volkoff's frantic pleadings to make the Asian unloose his grip.

The Mongol used the same tactics to flatten a veteran wrestler named Tiny Buchanan.

"When that madman came at me," Tiny recalled, "he wanted to *kill* me, not just beat me. I got outta that ring fast. Let the fans scream 'coward.' At least I'm still alive."

The Genghis Khan of the mat world became frustrated as potential opponents melted away. In desperation, Kace tried to lure them into the ring for handicap matches. He finally succeeded in bagging two brave grapplers. The hairy Mongol took them on *at the same time* and demolished both in just 3:43!

Kace has had so much trouble lining up opponents that he has been reduced to putting The Mongol on TV to perform such feats of strength as bursting basketballs with his bare hands.

Recently, Kace mentioned his woes to a studio TV audience. "Nobody wants to wrestle our guy. We're offering five grand to anyone who can stay 30 minutes with him."

Its red light blinking, the TV camera dollied in on The Mongol, who picked up a regulation-sized basketball. Seconds before the program went on, a smart aleck cracked: "Bet he can't beat Buddy Rogers!"

The name "Rogers" had an electrifying effect on The Mongol. He grabbed a piece of chalk and scrawled "B.R.' on the basketball. Then, as the picture flashed on the home screens, he clamped his now-famed "head crusher" on the ball. Bam! popped the bladder, ripping Buddy's initials.

Johnny Kace then commented, "I think," he said, "The Mongol got his point across."•

HODGE

(*continued from page* 63)

That ought to be enough to make up for all the hurt he suffered in his boxing career — and he owes his good fortune, in large part, to Strangler Lewis and LeRoy McGuirk.

Will he hit the top? The Strangler says nothing can stop him: "It's doubtful if there's anyone at any weight who could beat him right now."

That kind of talk usually kicks up a beaut of an argument in mat circles. But maybe Strangler is right. Maybe Dan can add the biggest title of all to his long list.

It will take a man of extraordinary strength to do it. Dan is such a man. If you need convincing, all you have to do is watch him tear a Manhattan-sized phone book in half without using tricks. Or crush a pair of steel pliers in his vise-like mitts. That's a tough feat in anybody's book.

Besides, Dan has a lucky number going for him — 13. He weighed 13 pounds at birth. He was born on the 13th of the month (a Friday, too!). And he began wrestling at 13. How can he miss?

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NATION-WIDE WRESTLING RESULTS

(Reported by Boxing Illustrated correspondents)

BALTIMORE, MD. — The Bob Ellis-Great Scott bout ended in a double disqualification. Bud Cody and Gordon Nelson topped Skull Murphy and Pepe Figuroa. Pampero Firpo beat Tom Martin. Kostos Pappalazaros topped Lou Albano. Rita Cortez defeated Carol Little in two out of three falls.

LINCOLN, NEB. — Killer Karl Cox won on a disqualification over The Sheik. Bobby Managoff drew with Rocky Hamilton. Tarzan Tyler topped Tor Hagen. Chief Little Eagle whipped Corsica Joe.

KANSAS CITY, KAN. — Fritz Von Erich took two out of three falls from Bobo Brazil. The Sheik and The Bruiser were both counted out while slugging each other outside the ring. John Kostas won on a disqualification over Ike Eakins. Gino Marella topped Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley whipped Tiny Roe. Dot Dotson lost to Evelyn Stevens.

ORLANDO, FLA. — Don Curtis and Joe Scarpa drew with the Von Braunner brothers. Billy Parks topped Jim Wright. Ali Bey disposed of Bulldog Lawley.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — Two old rivals, the Bruiser and Wilbur Snyder, teamed up to inflict one of the worst (and bloodiest) defeats on Stan and Art Neilson. A standing room only crowd roared their approval as the Neilsons dropped two straight falls. Haystacks Muldoon defeated Don Jardine. Pee Wee Lopez whipped Marcel Senard. Rip Collins topped Gene Murphy. Chuck Conley won over Johnny Heideman.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. — Dan Hodge successfully defended his junior heavyweight title by whipping Joe McCarthy in a bitterly fought battle. In a tag match, Jan Madrid and Louis Tillet were too smart and fast for Jackie Nichols and Tiny Smith.

LITCHFIELD, ILL. — Pat O'Connor won two straight falls from Stan Stasiak. Marcel Dupont and Lorenzo Parente defeated Duke Keomoka and Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley topped Tiny Roe (midgets). Corsica Joe drew with veteran Joe Millich.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens lost the first fall, then bounced to take the next two and the match from tough Kinji Shibuya. Pepper Gomez teamed with Luis Martinez to defeat Don Manoukian and Karl Von Brock. Leo Nomellini pinned Mike Valentino. Mitsu Arakawa threw Emile Dupre. George Scott topped Chico Garcia.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens whipped Joe Brunetti. Kinji Shibuya won two out of three falls from Red Bastein. Pepper Gomez topped The Alaskan. Hercules Cortez pinned Mike Valentino. Don Manoukian won from Guy Brunetti. Mitsu Arakawa used his famous claw hold to down Ronnie Etchinson.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Bob Ellis defeated Lou Albano. Pompero Firpo outgunned Luis Torres. Brute Bernard and Skull Murphy won over Carlos Milano and Pete Sanchez. Mark Lewin trimmed Angelo Savoldi in two straight falls. In the main event, Antonino Rocca whipped Larry Simon.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. — The Kalmikoff brothers went to a draw against Don Leo Jonathan and Ilio DiPaolo. Bobo Brazil topped Steve Stanlee. Bob Stanlee won over Howard Martin. Eric Pomeroy pinned Diamond Jim Brady. Bobby Graham and Tony Marino teamed up to defeat the Scufflin' Hillbillies.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH. — Lou Klein (Bastien) lost on disqualification to The Great Bolo. Rickie Cortez defeated Tony Parisi. The Alaskan had an easy time whipping Danny Ferazza with a bear hug. Joe Motti topped Tim Hampton with a full-nelson.

(continued on next page)

LOU KLEIN, once known as Lou Bastien, writes that he is teaming up with LARRY CHENE and expects to share with Larry the World's Tag Team Championship within a year. Meanwhile, Lou is having a running feud with the GREAT BOLO. They have been hacking away at each other in what is called "Texas Style Death" matches. The rules for this form of legalized murder are simple: No pins count. The only way a victory can be had is when somebody quits.

Did you know that BIG MOOSE CHOLAK scored a tremendous upset win over CRUSHER LISOWSKI in Madison, Wisconsin on April 4th? But Crusher wasn't exactly beaten in the true sense of the word. Here's what happened: Lisowski won the first fall by picking up the 365-pound Moose and slamming him to the floor. Cholak zoomed back to take the second fall with a body press. Soon after the third and deciding fall got underway, Crusher was shoved out of the ring by Moose who came running out after him. A furious melee took place as the men slugged each other all over the arena. Meanwhile the referee was counting away. But Cholack was carefully listening to the count. When the referee yelled "Sixteen," Moose made sure he was close enough to the ring to jump back in before the fatal twenty was reached. By the time Lisowski realized what was going on it was too late. He had been counted out.

MIKE AND DOC GALLAGHER returned to action as a team after a long layoff to whip the KALMIKOFFS in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. Good to see Mike and Doc back together. They're a fabulous tag team.

"THE LISTENING POST"

Handsome DOUG GILBERT taking Minnesota by storm. A truly gifted wrestler with an enormous following. Doug holds victories over Pat O'Connor, Bob Geigel and the great Verne Gagne.

Around Iowa the big noise is a monster of a man billed "THE MONGOL." Before a mu[illegible] went out to the Dakotas, and wrestled as "M". Thus we were not as crazy as it might have appeared. We were, you see, TWO Mr. "M's" wrestling in different localities a short time ago.

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that has captivated the wrestling world is that delightfully informative bundle of facts and rumors published under the heading "Listening Post." Read it once and we guarantee that you'll never miss it again. It can be found ONLY in BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS, naturally.

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MATCH RESULTS

MAY 1959
GENE STANLEE
LARRY HAMILTON
HAPPY HUMPHREY
BOB ELLIS
GIRLS

MAR. 1961
COWBOY CARLSON
CRUSHER LISOWSKI
CORA COMBS
LORD BLEARS

NOV. 1961
RAY STEVENS
BOB ELLIS
JOHNNY VALENTINE
THE VON BRUNNERS

JULY 1962
SAN FRANCISCO ACTION
CZAYA NANDOR
KATHY STARR
LISTENING POST
MATCH RESULTS

JUNE 1959
BUDDY ROGERS AT HOME
DON LEO JQNATHAN
JUNE BYERS VS. LORRAINE JOHNSON
OMAYA KATO
HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY
FRANK TOWNSEND

APR. 1961
BILLY DARNELL
MILLIE STAFFORD
GEORGE BECKER
SANDY SCOTT
PRIMO CARNERA
VARCHON BROTHERS
LISTENING POST

DEC. 1961
FRED BLASSIE VS. H. CALHOUN
HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY
LILLY BITTER
WRESTLER'S BALL GAME

AUG. 1962
DOUG GILBERT
FRITZ VON ERICH
JOHN PAUL HENNING
SAMPSON BURKE
LISTENING POST
MATCH RESULTS

AUG. 1959
PEPPER GOMEZ
BILLY WOLFE'S NEW GIRLS
SWEET DADDY SIKI
KILLER KOWALSKI
FUZZY CUPID

MAY 1961
VITTORIO APOLLO
ELLA WALDEK
DONNA VAUGHN
SAILOR THOMAS
SANDOR KOVACS
CHICK GARIBALDI

JAN. 1962
JOE BLANCHARD
WHY HEROES?
WHY VILLAINS?
LISTENING POST
MURDEROUS HOLDS

SEPT. 1962
BRUNO SAMMARTINO
BULLDOG BROWER
HANDSOME JOHNNY BAREND
MAGNIFICENT MAURICE
ROCCA & HIS WIFE
LISTENING POST
MATCH RESULTS

SEPT. 1959
ED CARPENTIER
RICKI STARR
ENRIQUE TORRES

JUNE 1961
JUDY GLOVER
LORRAINE JOHNSON
BULL CURRY
DANNY McSHANE
FRED ATKINS
DICK STEINBORN
ANGELO POFFO

FEB. 1962
TONY MARINO
TEENAGERS LOOK AT WRESTLING
MIDGETS
BULLDOG BROWER

OCT. 1962
JOHNNY BAREND
ANDRE DRAPP
SAILOR THOMAS
LISTENING POST
MATCH RESULTS

DEC. 1958 ☐	MAY 1959 ☐	NOV. 1959 ☐	MAR. 1961 ☐	JULY 1961 ☐	NOV. 1961 ☐	MAR. 1962 ☐	JULY 1962 ☐
FEB. 1959 ☐	JUNE 1959 ☐	JULY 1960 ☐	APR. 1961 ☐	AUG. 1961 ☐	DEC. 1961 ☐	APR. 1962 ☐	AUG. 1962 ☐
MAR. 1959 ☐	AUG. 1959 ☐	JAN. 1961 ☐	MAY 1961 ☐	SEPT. 1961 ☐	JAN. 1962 ☐	MAY 1962 ☐	SEPT. 1962 ☐
APR. 1959 ☐	SEPT. 1959 ☐	FEB. 1961 ☐	JUNE 1961 ☐	OCT. 1961 ☐	FEB. 1962 ☐	JUNE 1962 ☐	OCT. 1962 ☐

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OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

These ratings, which are compiled with the full authority and approval of The National Wrestling Alliance, professional wrestling's top governing body, are universally accepted as "Official."

MALE

1—BUDDY ROGERS
2—VERNE GAGNE
3—PEPPER GOMEZ
4—ED CARPENTIER
5—LOU THESZ
6—GENE KINISKI
7—FRED BLASSIE
8—ANTONINO ROCCA
9—BOBO BRAZIL
10—RAY STEVENS

VERNE GAGNE

ANNE CASEY

FEMALE

1—JUNE BYERS
2—FABULOUS MOOLAH
3—KAREN KELLOGG
4—ANNE CASEY
5—LORRAINE JOHNSON
6—JUDY GRABLE
7—PENNY BANNER
8—VICKIE ADAMS
9—KATHY STARR
10—JUDY GLOVER

TAG TEAMS

1—ART & STAN NEILSON
2—THE MEDICS
3—THE BAVARIAN BOYS
4—MIKE CLANCY & RED McKIM
5—THE KANGAROOS
6—THE BOLOS
7—DON CURTIS & JOE SCARPA
8—JOHNNY BAREND & MAGNIFICENT MAURICE
9—DOUG GILBERT & JOE SCARPELLO
10—MITSU ARAKAWA & KINJI SHIBUYA

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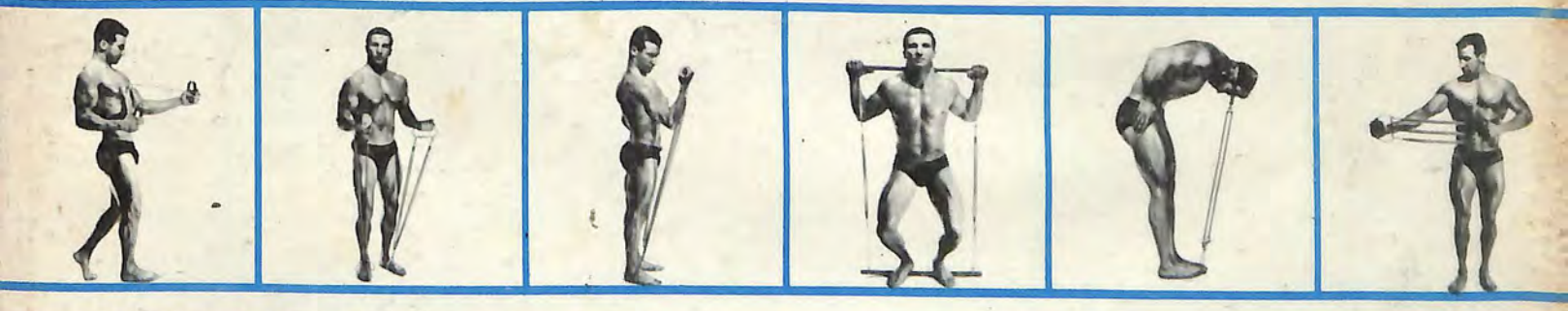

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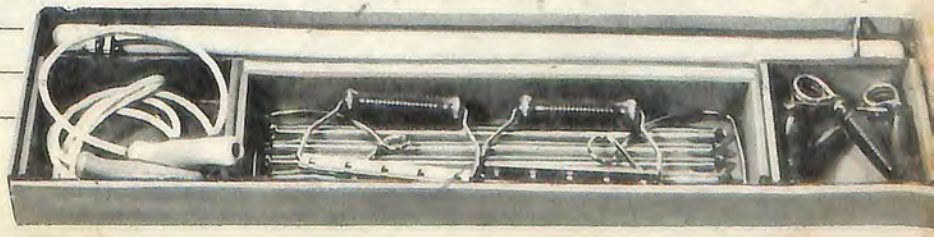
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